

Monthly Miscellany,

For JULY, 1777.

*ZELY, or the Difficulty of being
HAPPY; an Indian Romance.*

(Continued from our last.)

THE old woman left him, and he began again to ponder on matters, but in a more agreeable manner; he knew, at least by conjecture, the price of riches, and their empire over the mind of man. I then can (said he,) have both friends and esteem; I was right in despising the contempt of citizens, and the advances of an old woman. His views would have been carried further, but his door opened a second time, in a more gentle manner, and he discovered the daughter of his host, who tremblingly, and with a confused air, advanced towards him. Little accustomed to such adventures, Zely thought she was in danger, and running before her, would have called for assistance, had she not imposed him silence by the most expressive signs which fright could inspire; happily he understood her, and she threw herself for dead into his arms, "May I not know, (said Zely, quite moved) what danger threatens you, and what assistance you require?"—"In the name of

[*Monthly Mis.*]

God, (replied she), do not call for aid, assist me alone. I know not what I do, nor what I desire. I have seen you, and desire to see you once more, and am in an agitation I never before felt." "Our situation is truly strange, Madam, answered Zely; I myself am agitated with a thousand emotions; I would express a thousand ideas, and yet know not what I say." he clasped her tenderly in his arms; and nature serving him for an interpreter, they would perfectly have understood each other, when the voice of the old woman resounded through the house, and her daughter, flying from the arms of Zely, disappeared like lightning.

Zely remained in great anxiety; he thought it was all a dream, and regretted it was so soon over. The soft impression which had struck him, prevented him a few moments from reflection, but he soon returned to his usual mode of reasoning, and the adventure appeared to him very simple. "This, (says he) is certainly the custom of the town, and the father will next come to offer his services. This attention is very troublesome, but however it betokens humanity; yet I would willingly dis-

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pense with old women." Sleep surprised him in the midst of his reflection, and his rest was no more troubled.

As soon as he had opened his eyes, his host came to him, accompanied with all his family, but he was quite changed, or rather, Zely thought he himself had undergone some alteration. Zemroud shewed him great respect, and the old woman avoided his looks, and the young one held down her head, looking at him only bashfully; Zely astonished at this change, sought after the cause, and was not long without suspecting it. His gold, which was spread upon the table, struck the eyes of the old man, and attracted his veneration for the possessor of such riches. See, said Zely to himself, a happy discovery, but it is too general; gold attracts respect; let us reflect with reason alone, we do never derive the use, or value of attentions, nor the reward of nominal visits; let me interrogate these good folks, or rather let me recal to mind the advice of my father; let me remove myself from this frivolous sex, from which we can expect only errors, and at best trivial pleasures,—to man alone reason belongs.

Zely immediately demanded an audience of the old man alone, and the two women left them. "Zemroud, (said he), I am a stranger, and I am desirous of instruction, are we to day as we were yesterday?— "Ah, my Lord, cried the host, forgive me, for not knowing you; you are without doubt, some great prince disguised under that habit, to divert yourself with our simplicity; but a prince disguised, so nearly resembles a man, that"— "But, answered Zely, who revealed to you this grand mystery?— "These riches, said Zemroud.— "But these riches, replied Zely, has not changed me; it

neither gives me virtue nor talents."

"It gives you every thing, said the host." "A rich man then, said Zely, cannot be a fool;" He is very often so, answered the other, but he is useful, and that is reckoned the first virtue; it is that which insures him from our contempt, and assures him of our respects.— "For example, replied Zely, What degree of respect does these visits, which I this night received, betoken? Is it a common custom, or a distinguished attention?"— "The old man not perfectly understanding him in this point, desired him to explain himself. "Your wife, answered Zely, came this night and offered me her service, and I believe"—In vain he continued this recital: at the very first word, Zemroud flew out of the room, and the adjoining chamber rang with cries, reproaches, blows and curses. Zely, willing to appease this disorder, the storm fell upon him, and the invectives of his host learnt him the cause. What is all this, said he to himself? am I then a sinister being? one single word from my mouth lights up the flame of discord; but, no, let me accuse only the wickedness of these unhappy creatures. The one has beguiled my reason by respect, the other attempted to attack my virtue; let me fly from these vices conjured up against me.

He escaped from the combatants, throwing them a piece of gold for the hospitality he had received: Avarice suspends the effects of anger. They quitted each other to gather up the fruit of his liberality, while Zely, little touched with their thanks, departed from his habitation as fast as he could.

The trouble of his mind prevented him some time from distinguishing the objects around him: he was astonished, recovering himself, to find himself in an agreeable garden, where

where a great number of citizens, richly dress'd, with their wives appalled as gay, walked with him. Dazzled by such a number of gay objects, he could scarcely believe himself awake; but all his senses having assured him of their reality, he began reasoning on what they could be. These, said he, are not human beings which I see, they are deities which protect this empire; these at least are the genii of the fortunate citizens: their figure, the grace of their motions, the sprightliness of their conversation, all announce their perfections and their happiness. How happy should I be, if I could discover my genius amidst this brilliant multitude! but doubtless, it is not fit for a vile mortal to elevate himself to the rank of these deities.

By continuing his consideration on the same objects, the illusion diminished. Zely perceived some men among the crowd; he even remarked, that some divine females humanised with them; and soon his curiosity became as strong as his astonishment. He entered a solitary grove, flattering himself to meet with some human and reasonable being there, with whom he might hold conversation. A man about thirty, whose external appearance was simple and his figure lovely, reposed at a small distance from him. He tremblingly accosted him, and asked him some questions. The stranger answered him with the most obliging politeness. Emboldened by his kindness, Zely acquainted him with his ignorance and of his conjectures. "I cannot doubt, said he, but that I am transported into the land of the genii."—"You are, said the stranger, only in the parade of fools."—"But, replied the other, I have seen my genius, he was brilliant as the stars."—"I wish, answered the stranger, he had more solidity

than the planets you speak of."—

"And, said Zely, would you degrade these charming beings who talk unceasingly with such charming graces?"—"They are only those, replied the other, who think the least."

"But at best, said Zely, some amongst them are persons of reason."

"—Very few, said the citizen, whom you will easily distinguish; they are not so brilliant, speak less than the rest, and are tiresome to those around them."—"For heaven's sake, said Zely, instruct me in this path: but if I am too importunate, I hope you will quit me soon"—

"I will never quit you, answered Narses, (for that was the name of the stranger) and it will be agreeable to me to instruct you, if you'll have patience to hear me. It is but right to begin by defining words in order to fix ideas. We sometimes call Society a being purely metaphysical, a bond founded upon virtue, formed by esteem, supported by friendship, and of which reason forms the soul and even the pleasures. The society is like the master-piece of work: the visionaries seek after it, and the simple believe in it, and no one yet has found it. This name is most commonly given to connections which chance forms, and which pleasure supports for a time, but which is afterwards destroyed, or suddenly falls like an edifice built upon sand. This is what is called society, and the only one which you can hope to meet with. The grand art of succeeding in it, is to speak much and to reason but little, to have a good opinion of one's self, and a slight one of others; to give an air of importance to trivial things, and ridicule great talents, to sacrifice reason to wit, virtue to prejudice, and behaviour to fashion."—"What a horrible portrait! said Zely; why did I quit my dearest

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solitude?

solitude?"—"You are yet young, and but half instructed," said Narfes; "wait only till you are acquainted with this monster; it is seducing; you will judge indifferently of it; you will meet with success in it; your age and figure assures me of it."

"But in that time," said Zely, "how shall I be looked upon?"—"Nearly like an awkward ape," answered Narfes. "May the God," cried Zely, "never suffer me to prostitute my reason to such a pitch! I will, this evening return to my forest." "Softly," replied the stranger. "Your virtue interests me, and your simplicity charms me; but your reason will lead you into an absurdity: I will not forsake you. You have a disorder which should by degrees be accustomed to a regimen, and I hope that my company will be agreeable. I am one of those visionaries who are fond of reasonable company; I have a virtuous and amiable wife; I have sensible friends: my happiness is to love them, and my folly to think they do not disregard me. I have all the advantages of opulence, without avarice, and you shall partake of my pleasures: you will be able to preserve your reason, by acquiring the manners of the world. We shall agree as long as you remain what you at present are; but when you become otherwise, you shall follow your own inclinations." "Generous stranger, what am I not indebted to you?" cried Zely, "you offer me more than I could have hoped for. What should I have done with my riches with so little experience? your friendship is my greatest treasure."

The time of retiring drew nigh. Zely followed his new host into an elegant and commodious palace: Narfes presented him to his wife; she appeared to him as a lovely being, handsome without affectation,

and lively with decency; her countenance announced the sweetness of her character, and a tender affection for her husband seemed to be the soul of all her actions. Many friends met there, and Zely admired the charms of such society; as it was every day varied, and as it appeared always sensible, he no longer doubted, but that in so corrupted a city, reason and friendship had chosen that house for their asylum. "You have deceived me," would he sometimes say to Narfes, "I here find all that reason indicated to me, and nothing of what you told me." "I have not deceived you," answered Narfes, "but the society seduces you: you are in an illusion; I painted to you realities, and you judge only by appearances; but you are too happy. Be careful of harbouring an agreeable and necessary error; content yourself, especially in external marks of friendship and love."

United by the most sincere friendship to Narfes, Zely felt a still more tender sentiment; at times his reason took the alarm. "It is not," said he, "love which I feel; it is not in my nature to be amorous of the wife of my friend: the charming sex deserves the most striking attention; but my friend obtains a real preference in my heart. No, I am not amorous, I am at most but polite before her, and what ought to assure me of the nature of my sentiments is, that this virtuous wife knows them, and is not offended."

Nevertheless, without being amorous, she was never absent from his thoughts: he thought like her, felt all her pleasures, and was afflicted at her least troubles. He existed only in her absence: any indifferent person would have perceived he loved and was beloved; but when reason deceives, it is so much the more dangerous, as we rely upon it.

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One day he found her musing and thoughtful; he became so himself. In vain he enquired with the most tender interest, the cause of her chagrin: he uselessly employed all that reason and friendship could inspire to comfort her: she preserved a profound silence, and casting on him a languishing look, which penetrated to his very soul, sighed. He directly threw himself on his knees, and besought her to answer him. At length, she began, and in a low voice, interrupted by sighs, said, "We are not always so happy and wise as we appear: you praise my happiness, because you are blind or stupid, and do not see it is chimerical. Fortune is an evil, when she does not afford us what we most desire. The virtues and the love of a spouse are likewise a punishment, where we do not love him. Ah! how shall I love him who opposes my happiness. You are not yet acquainted with the passions: there are two which consume me. You know that my sister has married a nobleman of this empire: she neither equals me in beauty nor understanding, nevertheless she is at court: she participates of the pleasures of our sovereign, while I am not permitted to see the porch of his palace. I cannot suffer this humiliation. I have used every means with Narfes to raise me to an equal rank: he is able to do it, but I cannot bind him; he sacrifices his desires to his frigid reason. But this is not his least crime; nothing costs me more, I confess I love thee; love thee with distraction. Judge then, if thy friend is culpable in my eyes. I only breathe revenge, and you must partake of it. Narfes has often held a disrespectful discourse of our laws and our master; I will divulge them. He cannot avoid death: then I will offer thee my hand.—I shall be raised to a rank I merit, and thy grandeur will accompany mine.

The METHODS by which a Man of WIT and LEARNING may render himself a disagreeable Companion.

YOUR business is to shine; therefore you must by all means prevent the shining of others; for their brightness may make your's the less distinguished. To this end, if possible, engross the whole discourse; and when other matter fails, talk much of yourself, your education, your knowledge, your circumstances, your successes in business, your victories in disputes, your own wise sayings and observations on particular occasions, &c.

If, when you are out of breath, one of the company should seize the opportunity of saying something, watch his words, and if possible, find somewhat either in his sentiments or expression immediately to contradict and raise a dispute upon.

If another should be saying an indisputable good thing, either give no attention to it, or interrupt him, or draw away the attention of others; or if you can guess what he would be at, be quick, and say it before him; or if he gets it said, and you perceive the company pleased with it, own it to be a good thing; but withal remark that it hath been said by Bacon, Locke, Bayle, or some other eminent writer. Thus you deprive him of the reputation he might have gained by it, and gain some yourself, as you hereby shew your extensive reading and retention of memory.

When modest men have been thus treated by you a few times, they will chuse ever after to be silent in your company; then you may shine on without fear of a rival, rallying them at the same time for their dulness, which will be to you a new fund of wit.

Thus you will be sure to please yourself. The polite man aims at pleasing

pleasing others, but you shall go beyond him even in that. A man can be present only in one company, but may at the same time be absent in twenty. He can please only where he is; you, where you are not.

CIRCE poisoning the Pool in which SCYLLA bathed herself.

(Embellished with a beautiful Engraving.)

CIRCE was the daughter of Pncebus, by Perfis and a famous sorceress. She poisoned her husband, the king of Sarmatæ, for which she was expelled the kingdom, and fled to a promontory in Tuscany, which afterwards took her name. Scylla was the daughter of Phorcys, who being beloved by Glaucus, that marine deity, after attempting in vain to gain her affections, applied to Circe, beseeching her by her art to inspire the disdainful virgin with the same pangs he endured. Circe now avowed her own passion for Glaucus, and endeavoured to win him to her love; but finding her endeavours fruitless, vowed revenge, and by her magic spells so infected the fountain in which Scylla bathed, that on her entering it, her lower parts were turned into dogs; when being affrighted at herself, she plunged into the sea, where she was changed into a rock, famous for the shipwrecks it has occasioned. This rock lies between Italy and Sicily; and the noise of the waves beating on it, is generally supposed to have given rise to the fable of the barking of dogs and howling of wolves, ascribed to the imaginary monster.

*The CHAMPION of VIRTUE.
A GOTHIC STORY.*

SIR Philip Harclay, who had served under King Henry V. of England, and after that Monarch's de-

cease entered into the service of the Greek Emperor, upon his return to England settled at his family seat in Yorkshire, and soon after set out on a journey to the Castle of Lovel in the west of England on a visit to his friend Lord Lovel. Upon his arrival in that neighbourhood he is informed by a peasant, that Lord Lovel and his Lady had been dead about fifteen years, and that Sir Walter Lovel, kinsman to the deceased Lord, had taken possession of the estate and castle of Lovel, which he had since disposed of to his brother-in-law, Lord Baron Fitz Owen, and had himself retired to Northumberland. Sir Philip, on an invitation from the Baron, is kindly received by him, who introduces his three sons and daughter, and some other young relations then in his family, to him, and amongst the rest Edmund (the supposed son of Andrew and Margery Twyford, peasants in the neighbourhood) whom the Baron had taken into his family; with whose appearance the Knight is so greatly affected, that on his leaving the castle of Lovel, he promises Edmund his protection and support, in case any future occasion should render such service necessary. The young family and relations of Lord Fitz Owen being most of them envious of the rising genius of Edmund, endeavour to ruin his credit with the Baron; who sends them and Edmund over to the regent in France, where notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies who accompanied him, Edmund acquits himself with honour. On their return to England, the complaints against Edmund still continuing, Lord Fitz Owen proposes that Edmund as a test of his courage, should sleep three nights in a part of the castle, said to be haunted, and which had been shut up for several years. In this retirement, Edmund meets with

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*CIRCE Poisoning the Pool where the Nymph SYLLA
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with several surprizing scenes, which having communicated to his friend and confidant, the pious father Oswald, a suspicion arises concerning the parents of Edmund, and it is determined to interrogate his supposed mother Margery relative thereto; who gives an account that her husband found Edmund in a field, apparently just born, rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet cloak, trimmed with gold lace, and the body of a lady was afterwards found drowned, which they buried, having first taken off her cloaths, and a fine necklace with a golden locket, and a pair of earrings. These particulars immediately suggests to father Oswald, that Edmund was the son of the late Lord Lovel, and having procured the necklace and other tokens from Margery, it is determined that Edmund shall immediately quit the castle of Lovel, and implore the protection of Sir Philip Harclay. This worthy Knight receives Edmund with great cordiality, and having heard his story, is fully persuaded that he is the son of his late friend. Sir Philip hereupon summons Lord Walter Lovel to single combat, accusing him of the murder of the late Lord. In this combat Sir Philip being conqueror, gives his antagonist his life, upon his promise of relating the truth of what was laid to his charge. Lord Walter hereupon confesses, that he had caused the late Lord Lovel to be assassinated on his return from accompanying the king in his wars, and that his widow had, upon his offering to marry her, quitted the castle big with child, upon which he had given out that she was dead, and made a pretended funeral for her. Having made this confession, he accepts the offer made him of leaving the kingdom; and every thing being cleared up, Edmund is put in possession of the estate

of Lord Lovel, and afterwards marries Emma, the daughter of Baron Fitz-Owen, for whom he had long entertained a secret affection.

The following account of the interview between Edmund, Father Oswald, and Margery Twyford, when she relates the manner of Edmund's being found by her husband, is given as a specimen of this performance:

"Edmund and Father Oswald set out directly, and Edmund went hastily to old Twyford's cottage, and declared that every field seemed a mile to him.—Restrain your warmth my son, said Oswald, compose your mind and recover your breath before you enter upon a business of such consequence. Margery met them at the door, and asked Edmund what wind blew him thither? Is it so very surprizing, said he, that I should visit my parents! Yes it is, said she, considering the treatment you have met with from us, but since Andrew is not in the house I may say I am glad to see you; Lord bless you, what a fine youth you be grown! 'tis a long time since I saw you, but that is not my fault, many a cross word and many a blow have I had on your account, but I may venture to embrace my dear child. Edmund came forward and embraced her fervently, the starting tears on both sides evinced their affection; and why, said he, should my father forbid you to embrace your child, what have I ever done to deserve his hatred? nothing, my dear boy, you were always good and tender hearted, and deserved the love of every body. It is not common, said Edmund, for a parent to hate his first born son without his having deserved it.—That is true, said Oswald, it is uncommon, it is unnatural, nay I am of opinion it is almost impossible. I am so convinced of this truth, that I believe the man who thus
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hates and abuses Edmund, cannot be his father. In saying this he observed her countenance attentively, she changed colour apparently. Come, said he, let us sit down, and do you Margery, answer to what I have said? Blessed virgin, said Margery, what does your reverence mean, what do you suspect? I suspect, said he, that Edmund is not the son of Andrew your husband. Lord blese me, said she, what is it you do suspect?—do not evade my question, woman! I am come here by authority to examine you upon this point. The woman trembled every joint. Would to heaven, said she, that Andrew was at home! It is much better as it is, said Oswald, you are the person we are to examine. Oh, father, said she, do you think that I—that I—that I am to blame in this matter? what have I done?—Do you Sir, said he, ask your own questions; upon this Edmund threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees.—Oh my mother, said he, for as such my heart owns you, tell me for the love of heaven! tell me who was my father?—gracious heaven! said she, what will become of me?—woman, said Oswald, confess the truth, or you shall be compelled to do it; by whom had you this youth?—who I, said she, I had him! no father, I am not guilty of the black crime of adultery, God he knows my innocence, I am not worthy to be the mother of such a sweet youth as that is. You are not his mother then, nor Andrew his father?—Oh what shall I do said Margery, Andrew will be the death of me!—No he shall not, said Edmund, you shall be protected and rewarded for the discovery. Goody, said Oswald, confess the whole truth, and I will protect you from harm and from blame, you may be the means of making Edmund's fortune, in which case he will certainly provide for you; on the other

hand, by an obstinate silence you will deprive yourself of all the advantages you might receive from the discovery, and beside, you will soon be examined in a different manner, and be obliged to confess all you know, and nobody will thank you for it. Ah, said she, but Andrew beat me the last time I spoke to Edmund, and told me he would break every bone in my skin if ever I spoke to him again. He knows it then, said Oswald! He knows it, Lord help you, it was all his own doing. Tell us then, said Oswald, for Andrew shall never know it, till it is out of his power to punish you. It is a long story said she, and cannot be told in a few words. It will never be told at this rate, said he, sit down and begin it instantly. My fate depends upon your words, said Edmund,—my soul is impatient of the suspense! if ever you loved me and cherished me, show it now, and tell while I have breath to ask it.

He sat in extreme agitation of mind, his words and actions were equally expressive of his inward emotions. I will, said she, but I must try to recollect all the circumstances. You must know young man, that you are just one and twenty years of age—On what day was he born? said Oswald—The day before yesterday, said she, the 21st of September—A remarkable era, said he—'tis so indeed, said Edmund, oh that night! that apartment!—Be silent, said Oswald, and do you Margery begin your story.

I will, said she,—just one and twenty years ago, on that very day I lost my first born son, I got a hurt by over-reaching myself when I was near my time, and so the poor child died; and so as I was sitting all alone, and very melancholy, Andrew came home from work. See Margery, said he, I have brought you a child instead of that you have lost;

lost; so he gave me a bundle as I thought, but sure enough it was a child, a poor helpless babe just born, and only rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet cloak trimmed with gold lace. And where did you find this, said I. Upon the foot bridge, says he, just below the clay field; this child, said he, belongs to some great folk, and perhaps it may be enquired after one day and may make our fortunes; take care of it, said he, and bring it up as if it was your own. The poor infant was cold, and it cried, and looked up at me so pitifully that I loved it; beside my milk was troublesome to me, and I was glad to be eased of it, so I gave it the breast, and from that hour I loved the child as if it were my own, and so I do still if I dared to own it. And is this all you know of Edmund's birth, said Oswald. No not all, said Margery, but pray look out and see whether Andrew is coming, for I am all over in a twitter. He is not, said Oswald, go on I beseech you!—This happened said she, as I told you on the 21st, on the morrow my Andrew went out early to work, along with one Robin Rouse, our neighbour, they had not been gone above an hour when they both came back seeming very much frightened; says Andrew, go you Robin and borrow a pick-axe at neighbour Styles's. What is the matter now, said I? Matter enough, quoth Andrew! we may come to be hanged perhaps, as many an innocent man has before us. Tell me what is the matter, said I? I will, said he, but if ever you open your mouth about it, woe be to you! I never will, said I, but he made me swear by all the Blessed saints in the calendar; and then he told me, that as Robin and he were going over the foot-bridge, where he found the child the evening before, they saw

something floating upon the water, so they followed it, till it stuck against a stake, and found it to be the dead body of a woman: as sure as you are alive, Madge, said he, this was the mother of the child I brought home. Merciful God, said Edmund! am I the child of that helpless mother? Be composed, said Oswald, proceed, good woman, the time is precious. And so, said she, Andrew told me they dragged the body out of the river, and it was richly dressed, and must be somebody of consequence. I suppose, said he, when the poor lady had taken care of her child, she went to find some help, and the night being dark her foot slipped and she fell into the river and was drowned.

Lord have mercy, said Robin, what shall we do with the dead body, we may be taken up for the murder, what had we to do to meddle with it?—Ay, but, says Andrew, we must have something to do with it now, and our wisest way is to bury it. Robin was sadly frightened, but at last they agreed to carry it into the wood and bury it there; so they came home for a pick-axe and shovel. Well, said I, Andrew, but will you bury all the rich clothes you speak of? Why said he, it would be both a sin and a shame to strip the dead. So it would, said I, but I will give you a sheet to wrap the body in, and you may take off her upper garments, and any thing of value, but do not strip her to the skin for any thing,—well said, wench! said he, I will do as you say, so I fetched a sheet and by that time Robin was come back, and away they went together.

They did not come back again till noon, and then they sat down and ate a morsel together. Says Andrew, now we may sit down and eat in peace. Ay, says Robin, and sleep in peace too, for we have done no

Not to be sure, said I, but yet I am much concerned that the poor lady had not christian burial. Never trouble thyself about that, said Andrew, we have done the best we could for her, but let us see what we have got in our bags, we must divide them; so they opened their bags and took out a fine gown and a pair of rich shoes, but besides these, there was a fine necklace with a golden locket, and a pair of earrings. Says Andrew, and winked at me, I will have these, and you may take the rest. Robin said he was satisfied, and so he went his way; when he was gone, here you fool, says Andrew, take these and keep them as safe as the bud of your eye, if ever young master is found, these will make out fortune. And have you them now, said Oswald. Yes that I have, answered she. Andrew would have sold them long ago, but I always put him off it. Heaven be praised, said Edmund! Hush, said Oswald, let us not lose time; proceed goody! Nay, said Margery, I have not much to say—we looked every day to hear some inquires after the child, but nothing passed, nobody was missing. Did nobody of note die about that time, said Oswald. Why yes, said Margery, the widow Lovel died that same week, by the same token Andrew went to the funeral and brought home a 'futchien, which I keep unto this day. Very well, go on. My husband behaved well enough to the boy till such time as he had two or three children of his own, and then he began to grumble, and said it was hard to maintain other folks children, when he found it hard enough to keep his own. I loved the boy quite as well as my own; often and often have I pacified Andrew, and made him to hope that he should one day or other be paid for his trouble, but at last he grew out of patience, and gave over all hopes of that kind.

As Edmund grew up he grew sickly and tender, and could not bear hard labour, and that was another reason why my husband could not bear with him. If, quoth he, the boy could earn his living I did not care, but I must bear all the expence. There came an old pilgrim into our parts, he was a scholar and had been a soldier, and he taught Edmund to read, then he told him histories of wars, and knights, and lords, and great men, and Edmund took such delight in hearing him that he would not take to any thing else.

To be sure Edwin was a pleasant companion, he would tell old stories and sing old songs that one could have set all night to hear him; but as I was a laying, Edmund grew more and more fond of reading and less of work; however he would run of errands and do many hand turns for the neighbours, and he was so courteous a lad that people took notice of him. Andrew once caught him alone reading, and then told him, that if he did not find some way to earn his bread he would turn him out of doors in a very short time, and so he would have done sure enough, if my Lord Fitz-Owen had not taken him into his service just in the nick.

Very well goody, said Oswald, you have told your story very well, I am glad for Edmund's sake, that you can do it properly; but now, can you keep a secret?—why am I please your reverence, I think I have showed you that I can. But can you keep it from your husband?—aye, said she, surely I can, for I dare not tell it him. That is a good security, said he, but I must have a better. You must swear upon this book not to disclose any thing that has passed between us three till we desire you to do it, be assured you will soon be called upon for this purpose, Edmund's birth is near the discovery,

he is the son of parents of high degree, and it will be in his power to make your fortune when he takes possession of his own.

Holy virgin! what is it you tell me?—how you rejoice me to hear, that what I have so long prayed for will come to pass!—he took the oath required, saying after Oswald. Now, said he, go and fetch the tokens you have mentioned.

When she was gone, Edmund's passions, long suppressed, broke out in tears and exclamations, he knelt down, and with his hands clasped together, returned thanks to heaven for the discovery; Oswald begged him to be composed, lest Margery should perceive his agitation and misconstrue the cause. She soon returned with the necklace and earrings; they were pearls of great value, and the necklace had a locket on which the cypher of Lovel was engraved. This, said Oswald, is indeed a proof of consequence, keep it Sir, for it belongs to you. Must

he take it away, said she? certainly, said he, we can do nothing without it; but if Andrew should ask for it, you must put him off it for the present, and hereafter he will find his account in it. Margery consented reluctantly to part with the jewels, and after some further conversation they took leave of her. Edmund embraced her affectionately. I thank you with my whole heart, said he, for all your goodness to me! though I confess I never felt much regard for your husband, for you I had always the tender affection of a son; you will, I trust, give your evidence in my behalf when called upon, and I hope it will one day be in my power to reward your kindness, in that case I will own you as my foster-mother and you shall always be treated as such. Margery wept. The Lord grant it, said she, and I pray him to have you in his holy

keeping. Farewell my dear child! Oswald desired them to separate for fear of intrusion, and they returned to the castle. Margery stood at the door of her cottage looking every way to see if the coast was clear.

Now, Sir, said Oswald, I congratulate you as the son of Lord and Lady Lovel! the proofs are strong and indisputable. To us they are so, said Edmund, but how shall we make them so to others? and what are we to think of the funeral of Lady Lovel?—as of a fiction, said Oswald, the work of the present Lord, to secure his title and fortune. And what means can we use to dispossess him, said Edmund, he is not a man for a poor youth like me to contend with?—doubt nor, said Oswald, but Heaven, who has evidently conducted you by the hand thus far, will compleat its own work, for my part I can only wonder and adore!"

A LETTER to US, from ONE of OURSELVES.

IN reading the histories of nations, why are we induced to give the preference to our own? We are a conquered nation.—We are indebted to the ingenuity of foreigners for a great part of our knowledge in trade and manufactures. Our climate is not so good as that of many other countries—Our natural temper is not the liveliest in the world—Our polish is not the finest—Our morals are not the best—Our soil is not the richest—what then is it, which, without the imputation of partiality, justifies the holding our own country in the highest estimation? It is, I will say, without a fear of contradiction, the peculiar excellence and freedom of our constitution, it is, that liberty has ever dwelt among us as a welcome guest,

that we 'have worn her in our heart's core,' protected her in danger, and rejoiced with her in peace. This is the feather on which we have plumed ourselves for ages. That national character which has supported us, in reaching this distinguished point, has been the badge of honour we have worn; shall we then, by throwing this off, reduce ourselves to the low level of those whom we still affect to hold so cheap? Shall we become the instrument of our own disgrace, by joining in the damned plot?

- In such a one, as we consenting to't,
- Must bark our honour from the trunk we bear,
- And leave us naked.—

The duty we owe posterity is of that sacred nature that admits of no abatement—we are bound to them by the ties of religion and morality, of integrity and humanity. Those who immediately succeed us have the additional claims of paternal fondness and protection—Shall we then be deaf to all these calls? and disregard the welfare of even the child to whom we have given existence? From the mouths of how many do we hear this illiberal sentiment come forth!—'The constitution will last our time, and let posterity take care of themselves.' But I would tell such drones in society, that though totally unconcerned about those who may succeed them, they are committing a robbery on posterity—making an unjustifiable use of a trust reposed—and alienating, as it were a property, of which they are only tenants during life.—That with regard to posterity taking care of themselves, they will not have the power left to do it.—The business will be done ere it reaches them; to whom a bitter inheritance will be transmitted, a

monument of the shame and infamy attending those who have suffered its adulteration—with regard to the means of retribution we may still have left. It is a subject serious in itself, demanding an honest attention, and a well-tempered resolution.—A people obliged from necessity to appeal in some measure to themselves, and to become their own physician, should chuse with caution, and take the greatest care not to hurt the constitution in the cure.—Let no man say, that in asserting the cause of good government I mean to sow sedition.—Insupportable as the shackles of slavery may appear to me as an individual, I doubt whether I should call an enslaved nation to shake off theirs at the expence of horrid civil war. We feel the effects of a partial one too severely at present, to wish it ever should spread farther. In a nation possessed of a perfect and avowed knowledge of its rights, no revolution can be attended with much civil commotion, because here is an allowed standard by which every question must be measured.—Our own history furnishes us with a strong example: the Revolution, which dethroned Charles I. threw the nation into a general convulsion, because each side had claims undetermined and uncertain; whereas the dethronement of James II. proved a matter of easy operation, and was effected, as it were, by the common course of law—the reason is plain, because in consequence of the progressive information of the people, the nation was now directed by allowed, authorised, and certain principles.—At this day, how much more perfect are we in this respect? and were a revolution necessary, there is another circumstance, which must ever sweeten the labour with a cheerful hope; and that is, that as revolutions in other countries

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countries have almost universally ended where they began, in England they have ever terminated in the security of the common rights of mankind. It is to the free spirit of the people of England, that the house of Hanover owes its present splendid situation. It possesses a crown, the bright reward of revolution principles; one distinguished from all others; one raised by freedom and supported by love. Let us then not sully its lustre, by sinking into servitude.—If we regard our sovereign, we shall shew our loyalty, by preserving to him the dominion of a free state. The rule of slaves is mistaken dignity; hateful from the means of its support, and insecure from the principles of its foundation.

Luxury has been the bane of all free states; it consists in the inordinate gratification of the sensual passions, which from indulgence become insatiable. This debases the mind, eradicates every principle of honour, and begets an expence which no private fortunes can sustain. A want of means being thus accompanied by a loss of virtue, the wages of corruption are received without the smallest hesitation.

The seeds of avarice and venality, which are inherent in the human soil, wait for this golden shower to bring them forth; their advancement to maturity is rapid; and unless their growth be early checked, they naturally arrive at exuberant perfection. When corruption reaches this last stage—when those excesses, which were at first but the vices, at length, from habit, become the manners of the people, the distemper may be deemed incurable. A people so sunk, look upon those who would relieve them as their greatest enemies. Cato, who found Rome in this situation, proposed a law against the practice

of bribery and corruption at elections; his reward was the resentment of the rich, who were only able to arrive at dignities through the means of wealth; and being pelted and abused by the electors, because such a law tended to deprive them of the wages of corruption, and obliged them to have recourse to industry and labour for subsistence.

Let us not then have a fatal confidence in ourselves. We are deviating by degrees from our constitution, without being well aware where we are going. Accompanied by the retinue of luxury, our journey carries with it the air of a pleasurable party, and we vainly think, that however distant our excursions, we shall be able to return, when it may seem dangerous to proceed. But we are taught, by the experience of ages, to know, that the fact is otherwise, and that as soon as the effects of luxury have reached a certain point, a national inability takes place, and all powers of restoration become lost. That we are approaching this point is too evident to be denied; that we should endeavour, by every honest means, to prevent our arrival, I hope will strike us all.

If we give ourselves the trouble to compare, we shall find that our national character has suffered a material change, and some consequences have already arisen, serious and alarming in themselves. That the independence of parliament, on which our very existence, as a free state, depends, has been totally destroyed.

I have annexed to this letter the best mode, which, according to my judgment, I have been able to form in order to effect it; and having contributed in proportion to my ability, I feel the satisfaction, that I have discharged my duty.

I hope neither to be taxed with
folly

folly nor arrogance, in submitting the following plan to the consideration of the public.

I am not ignorant that a man must acquire the confidence of the people, before he can lay claim to their attention, and for that purpose, be well approved both as to his intentions and abilities. An unnoticed individual will therefore find his feeble efforts, attended only with a small share of regard, yet he ought not, on this account, to be deterred from adding in some degree to the common stock. Those who withhold, because they cannot give in abundance, mistake their duty. Did every man contribute according to his power, the aggregate would command respect.

It appears to me, that the lower house of the legislature being the first object of our attention (because it is that part of the constitution in which the most active powers are lodged, and which has deviated the farthest from the ends of its institution) we should endeavour

1st, To promote more frequent elections, which would tend to make the representative more virtuous; for his inducements to act honestly, will be thereby strengthened, as his reward, which is the approbation of and being rechosen by his constituents, will happen more frequently.

2dly, A more equal representation; it being contrary to the principles of the constitution, that unrepresented property should be taxed, or that property should be unequally represented. Both these abuses prevail; to remove them, the personal property ought to have more electors, and the landed, more elected. This may be effected, by opening and extending the confined boroughs, and encreasing the number of knights of shires.

3dly, An effectual exclusion of

placemen and pensioners (excepting those few who may be necessary for giving information to the house, &c.) The establishment of this point would tend to recover the independency of parliament, and by removing the occasion of useless places, extravagant salaries, and a profuse expenditure of secret service money, relieve the people from a very heavy contribution.

To obtain these three points, on which, in a great measure, the restoration of the constitution depends, let the landholders of every parish in each country meet in their respective parishes, and deliberate thereon, their sense on which being known, let one in each be chosen for the purpose of representing it; these to meet at the capital towns of their respective counties, where each giving in the sense of his respective parish, the majority shall be deemed to be the sense of the county, bound to adhere to which, to let nine be chosen as a standing county committee. From these nine let there be one delegated for the purpose of meeting the other county delegates, at some appointed place in London, seven days before the opening of parliament. This meeting will consist of fifty-two members, by the majority of which, the sense of the landed interest may be ascertained; and as the commercial interest should be equally regarded, let a similar plan be adopted in every trading town throughout the kingdom, excepting London, which should be represented by a committee chosen out of the livery.

The sense of each interest being thus separately known, let them hold a conference together. Should they agree upon all or any of these points in question, let them conjointly prefer a petition to parliament, on its first day of meeting, to originate a bill to promote the

same.

same. If they find that the commons refuse to comply with this the desire of the nation, let them go up to the throne with a petition for the dissolution of that parliament, should this be attended with the same success, the delegates of each interest are then to return to their respective committees, who receiving their report, will communicate it to the parish representatives, by whom it will be conveyed to the people at large—who taught by this experiment, will know, that in themselves alone is placed redress."

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

JULY 22, 1777, the Theatre Royal in the Hay market, a pastoral piece called *Sheep Shearing*, in three acts, was performed for the first time.

The following are the songs which are mostly admired:

SONG, by Perdita.

I.

Come, come, my good shepherds,
our flocks we must shear;
In your holiday suits, with your
lasses appear;
The happiest of folk are the guilt-
less and free,
And who are so guiltless, so hap-
py as we?

II.

We harbour no passions by luxury
taught;
We practise no arts, with hypocrisy
fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you
may read in our eyes;
For knowing no falsehood, we need no
disguise.

III.

That giant, ambition, we never
can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a
head;

Content and sweet cheerfulness open
our door,
They smile with the simple and feed
with the poor.

IV.

When love has possess'd us, that
love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed, are
the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and
we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive
and betray.

AUTOLICUS.

Lawn, as white as driven snow,
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow,
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
Mask for faces, and the noses,
Bugle bracelets, necklace, ambet,
Perfume for a lady's chamber,
Golden coifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poaking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come, come buy,
come buy,
Buy lads or else your lasses cry.

SONG, set by Dr. Arne, and sung
by Autolicus.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for
your cape?
My dainty duck my dear a—
And silk and thread? and toys for
your head,
Of the newest and finest ware a—
Come to the pedlar! money's a
medlar,
That doth utter all men's wear a—
The piece is concluded by the fol-
lowing

CHORUS.

Come, let us all be blythe and gay,
Upon this happy wedding day,
That Florizel weds Perdita;
And let each nymph and shepherd
tell,
No happy pair e'er love so well,
As Perdita and Florizel.

After

After the pastoral was over, the Fairy Tale, a piece also of two acts, was performed, which gave general satisfaction.

Scene, Athens, and a wood not far from it.

The principal songs are as follow :

SONG, by Fairy.

Kingcup, daffodil and rose,
Shall the fairy wreath compose ;
Beauty, sweetness, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night :
Lightly trip it o'er the green
Where the fairy ring is seen ;
So no step of earthly tread,
Shall offend our lady's head.

Virtue sometimes droops her wing,
Beauty's bee may lose her sting ;
Fairy land can both combine,
Roses with the eglantine :

Lightly be your measures seen,
Deftly footed o'er the green ;
Nor a spectre's baneful head
Peep at our nocturnal tread.

Fairy Queen. Away, away,
I will not stay,

But fly from rage and thee.

Fairy King. Begone, begone,
You'll feel anon,

What 'tis to injure me.

Fairy Queen. Away, false man !
Do all you can,

I scorn your jealous rage !

Fairy King. We will not part ;
Take you my heart !

Give me your fav'rite page !

Fairy Queen. I'll keep my page !

Fairy King. And I may rage !
Nor shall you injure me.

Fairy Queen. Away, away,
I will not stay,

But fly from rage and thee.

Both. Away, away, &c.

SONG, by a Fairy.

Welcome, welcome to this place,
Favourite of the Fairy Queen ;
Zephyrs, play around his face,
Wash, ye dews, his graceful mein.

Pluck the wings from butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his eyes ;
Round him in eternal spring
Grasshoppers and crickets sing.

By the spangled starlight seen,
Nature's joy he walks the green ;
Sweet voice, fine shape, and graceful
mein,

Speak him thine, O Fairy Queen !

Flower, of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of her eye !
When her lord she doth espy,
Let him shine as gloriously
As the Phœbus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if he be by,
Beg of him for remedy.

FINALE, by Dr. Arnold.
If we shadows have offended,
Then but this, and all is mended ;
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.

Gentles, don't us reprehend,
If you pardon, we will mend ;
Else the Buck a liar call,
So good-night unto ye all.

The above pieces are taken from Shakespear's Winter's Tale, and the Midsummer's Night's Dream of that writer. Two alterations of the same pieces were produced some years since, one called Florizel and Perdita, and the other the Fairies. The first was brought out under the auspices of Mr. Garrick, and the other set to music by Dr. Smith. Mr. Colman has judiciously availed himself of both these gentlemen's improvements, and the two pieces were universally acknowledged by the auditors to be highly deserving the encouragement of the public.

Mr. Edwin in Autolycus was inferior to Messrs. King and Yates. His Quince was, however, happily executed. Du-Bellamy, Bannister, Parsons, and Master Edwin possessed great merit in their different characters.

A FAIRY TALE, in *two Acts*; taken from SHAKESPEARE: As it is now performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket.

THE following scene is selected from it as altered in the present representation:

Scene, a room in Quince's house.
Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quince. Is all your company here?

Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man-by-man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit through all Athens to play in our interlude before the duke and dutchess; on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom the weaver!

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will console in some measure. To the rest; yet my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play Eracles rarely,

or a part to tear a cat in: "To make all split the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carr shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates!" This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Eracles vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby, a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman, I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; Thisbe, Thisbe, ah Pyramus my lover dear, thy Thisby dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother:

Quin. Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snowt. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; snug the joiner, you the Lion's part; I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that

K k I will

I will make the Duke say, let him roar, let him roar again!

Quin. If you should do it terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you would fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lively gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why what you will. But, masters, here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse, more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. But hold ye, hold ye, neighbours; are your voices in order, and your tunes ready? For if we miss our musical pitch, we shall be all 'sham'd and abandon'd.

Quin. Ay, ay! Nothing goes down so well as a little of your sol,

fa, and long quaver; therefore let be in order for better assurance—I have got the pitch pipe.

Bot. Stand round, stand round! We'll rehearse our e-log—Clear up your pipes, and every man in his turn take up his stanza verse—Are you all ready?

All. Ay, ay!—Sound the pitch-pipe, Peter Quince! Quince blows.

Bot. Now make your reverence and begin.

SONG—for Epilogue. Mr. Diddin.

Sung.

Most noble duke, to us be kind;
Be you and all your courtiers hind,
That you may not our errors find,
But smile upon our sport.

For we are simple actors all,
Some fat, some lean, some short,
Some tall;

Our pride is great, our merit small;
Will that, pray, do at court?

Chorus—For we are, &c.

II.

O would the duke and duchess,
Smile,

The court would do the same awhile,
But call us after, low and vile,

And that way make their sport;
Nay, would you still more pastime
make,

And at poor we your purses shake,
Whate'er you give, we'll gladly
take,

For that will do at court.

Chorus—Nay, would you, &c.
Bot. Well said, my boys, my hearts! sing but like nightingales thus when you come to your misrepresentation, and we are made for ever, you rogues! so! steal away now to your homes without inspection; meet me at the duke's oak—by moonlight—mum's the word.

All. Mum! [Exeunt all stealing
[cut.

Sketch of the Poems and Miscellaneous Compositions of Paul Whitehead. With explanatory Notes on his Writings, and his Life written by Capt. Edward Thompson.

THE poetical writings of the late ingenious Mr. Paul Whitehead are so well, so universally known, that any recommendation of them, from us, would be superfluous. The Editor has prefixed an account of the life of this eminent satirist, written at considerable length, but the history of all poets is little more than that of their works. The sons of the Muses are generally an indolent race, retiring from society, and from business; and therefore their lives are seldom productive of such incidents as would make any striking appearance in the annals of biography. In gleaning the smaller miscellaneous poems of Mr. Whitehead, the Editor has casually picked up one or two little pieces, which were written and published by Mr. William Whitehead, the present Laureat: but this mistake has been candidly acknowledged in the advertisements of the publication, in the several news-papers.

Various PARTICULARS relative to the late Doctor DODD.

[Extracted from the Ordinary's Account.]

DR. Dodd, during his confinement in gaol, lived with great temperance, though he might (as he himself said) have lived luxuriously, through the benevolence of his friends, whose kindness and zeal for him were beyond expression. The tenderness of these his friends had a great effect upon him, and he frequently extolled the mercy of God in making his dire situation comfortable through their humanity.

From the time of his commitment, he was entirely freed from any care about his support, his known, and even unknown, friends providing abundantly for him, and his gratitude on this account was testified upon every occasion. The zeal and ardent wishes of some of them, which they could not but discover, led them and him to imagine, before the order for execution arrived, that he should find mercy. He gave admission to the hope of not being included in the death warrant, and thus, by the intrusion of fear, he had a very distressed night before the order came; and being thereby much agitated, and anxious to know the result of the report, he was not well prepared for the dreadful news. His friends, desirous to acquaint him with the decision of the privy council in as soft a manner as possible, began to open it to him by degrees; but he requested them to tell him the truth, for he saw by their countenances how the matter stood. Upon my seeing him soon after, he told me that he had only indulged himself within three days with hope of mercy, from what had been suggested to him by his friends, as he had all along, even from his first entrance into the gaol, given himself up as a lost man.

He complained, when I saw him on Sunday morning as he lay on his bed, of a pain in his side: when I asked him to what cause he assigned it, he replied, *Lethalis arundo*, and a deadly arrow indeed. He was frequently visited, at his own request, by a sensible and pious minister, and with this gentleman and the unfortunate Doctor I spent many serious hours. After the effects of the first shock had subsided, he became more composed, and his mind in general intent upon the greatest concern which can occupy a human mind, to be prepared for death.

The day before his execution, he mentioned to me what a day of trial it would be, as he must on that day take a final leave of his dear wife, to whom he had been married 27 years, and who, he said, had been remarkably affectionate to him throughout that whole period. The same evening going into his room with his friend, he rose from his chair, and said, Now the bitterness of death is over! I am ready. He then related that he had taken a tender leave of his friends, and of his dearest friend, his wife. He said, "I was much afraid of this scene, but it passed over much easier than I could have possibly imagined, and Mrs. Dodd behaved on the occasion better than I could have expected: we parted as those who hope to meet again."

Upon the coming in of a faithful and steady friend, and a clergyman, he said, among other things, "I have requested of my friends to-day what I now also request of you. It is possible that, after my death, some of my kind friends who have so earnestly solicited my pardon, but in vain, and others may charge the king and his counsellors with cruelty, and use improper language, out of love to me; make it known, that I declare this to be far from my thoughts: I love and honour the king; I doubt not his humanity: He and his counsellors have acted according to justice, and his Majesty would have extended mercy, if he could have thought it consistent with the welfare of the nation." He then lifted up his hands, and prayed, "O Almighty God, thou King of Kings, bless our gracious king, support and strengthen him, establish his throne in righteousness; give peace in his day, O Lord, make an end of dissension, and put a stop to the present unnatural war. O give his counsellors wisdom and bless them. Amen."

On the morning of his death went to him, with the Rev. Mr. Dobey, Chaplain of the Magdalen, whom he had desired to attend him to the place of execution. He appeared composed; and when I asked him how he had been supported, he said he had had some comfortable sleep, by which he should be the better enabled to perform his duty.

As he went from his room in our way to the chapel, we were joined by his friend, who had spent the foregoing evening with him, and also by another clergyman. When we were in the vestry adjoining to the chapel, he exhorted his fellow sufferer, who had attempted to destroy himself, but had been prevented by the vigilance of the keeper. He spoke to him with great tenderness and emotion of heart, entreating him to consider that he had but a short time to live, and it was highly necessary that he, as well as himself, made good use of their time, implored pardon of God under a deep sense of sin, and looked to the Lord by whose merits alone sinners could be saved. He desired me to call in the other gentlemen, who likewise assisted him to move the heart of the poor youth, but the Doctor's words and exhortations were the most pathetic and effectual. He lifted up his hands, and cried out, "O Lord Jesus, have mercy upon us, and give, O give unto my fellow sinner, that as we suffer together, we may go together to heaven." His conversation to this poor youth was so moving, that tears flowed from the eyes of all present.

After we had waited some time for the officers, he asked what o'clock it was; and being told that it was half an hour after eight, he said, "I wish they were ready, I long to be gone." He requested of his friends who were about him, to pray for him; to which he was answered

answered by two of them, "We pray more than language can utter." He replied, "I believe it."

At length he was summoned to go down into a part of the yard which is inclosed from the rest of the gaol, where the two unhappy convicts and the friends of the Doctor were alone. On his seeing two prisoners looking out of the windows he went to them, and exhorted them so pathetically, that they both wept abundantly. He said once, "I am now a spectacle to men, and shall soon be a spectacle to angels."

Just before the sheriff's officers came with the halters, one who was walking with him told him that there was yet a little solemnity he must pass through before he went out. He asked, "What is that?" "You will be bound." He looked up, and said, "Yet I am free, my freedom is there," pointing upwards. He bore it with Christian patience, and beyond what might have been expected; and when the men offered to excuse tying his hands, he desired them to do their duty, and thanked them for their kindness. After he was bound, I offered to assist him with my arm in conducting him through the yard, where several people were assembled to see him; but he replied with seeming pleasure, "No! I am as firm as a rock." As he passed along the yard, the spectators and prisoners wept and bemoaned him; and he in return prayed God to bless them.

He delivered to me the following declaration, which he intended should have been read for him by me at the place of execution; but it being thought that it could not possibly be heard by the multitude, it was omitted.—I therefore here give it to the public.

Dr. Dodd's last solemn declaration.

TO the words of dying men regard has always been paid. I am brought hither to suffer death for an act of fraud, of which I confess myself guilty with shame, such as my former state of life naturally produces, and I hope with such sorrow as He, to whom the heart is known, will not disregard. I repent that I have violated the laws by which peace and confidence are established among men; I repent that I have attempted to injure my fellow-creatures; and I repent that I have brought disgrace upon my order, and discredit upon religion: but my offences against God are without name or number, and can admit only of general confession and general repentance.—Grant, Almighty God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, that my repentance, however late, however imperfect, may not be in vain.

The little good that now remains in my power, is to warn others against those temptations, by which I have been seduced. I have always sinned against conviction; my principles have never been shaken; I have always considered the Christian religion as a revelation from God, and its divine Author as the Saviour of the world; but the laws of God, though never disowned by me, have often been forgotten. I was led astray from religious strictness by the delusion of shew and the delights of voluptuousness. I never knew or attended to the calls of frugality, or the needful minuteness of painful economy. Vanity and pleasure, into which I plunged, required expence disproportionate to my income; expence brought distress upon me, and distress, importunate distress, urged me to temporary fraud.

For this fraud I am to die: and I die, declaring in the most solemn manner, that however I have deviated

viated from my own precepts, I have taught others to the best of my knowledge, and with all sincerity, the true way to eternal happiness. My life for some few unhappy years past, has been dreadfully erroneous, but my ministry has been always sincere. I have constantly believed, and I now leave the world solemnly avowing my conviction, that there is no other name under Heaven by which we can be saved, but only the name of the Lord Jesus; and I intreat all who are here to join with me in my last petition, that for the sake of that Lord Jesus Christ, my sins may be forgiven, and my soul received into his everlasting kingdom.

June 27.
1777.

WILLIAM DODD.

DIALOGUE in the SHADES between
an UNFORTUNATE DIVINE, and a
WELSH MEMBER, lately deceased.

THE writer of this dialogue, in an advertisement prefixed to it says, "If any of my serious readers should think a justification necessary, I shall refer them to the elegant and sensible preface to the *Dialogues of the Dead*, written by the late Lord Lytton, where, I doubt not, they will find a cure for all their pious scruples."

The following passages are selected from this performance:

"Mr. P.—. So, my good Doctor, I have overtaken you!—Things turn out strangely with us mortals: when I saw you dangling at Tyburn, I little thought that I should be so soon at your heels.

Dr. D.—. Time and chance, Mr. P. happen unto all men! Life is an uncertain possession, as you, I fear, have experienced: for as you were in a state of health which permitted your attendance on my execution, your death, surely, must have been very sudden and unexpected;

Mr. P. Almost as sudden as yours, my good friend, but more unexpected, I assure you. However, I had the advantage of your reverence; I died by burgundy—you by a halter.

Dr. D. Excess, then, was the cause of both our deaths; only yours was not made criminal by act of parliament, mine was: so you suffered without an executioner, while all the horrid forms of legal death were exercised upon me.

Mr. P. That you were a most egregious coxcomb throughout your life, is universally known; and I perceive the character sticks by you to the last. What! compare the death of a felon at Tyburn to a gentleman's dying in a quiet way in his own house, without giving any one the least trouble!—For shame, Doctor! for shame! Your logic's intolerable.

Dr. D. That mine was the most disgraceful exit, in the eye of mankind, I willingly acknowledge; that I suffered a punishment inflicted on me by the laws of my country for an open breach of them, I am obliged to own; and that I died as a felon in a most ignominious manner, your eyes were witnesses. Nevertheless, I departed a true penitent, was sensible of my errors, acknowledged the justice of those laws which condemned me, was resigned to my fate, in charity with all the world, and consoled with the hopes that my sufferings and repentance would plead in my favour, and be accepted at the final judgment.—Now, Sir, will you be so candid as to tell me what were the preparations for your departure?

Mr. P. Why, egad, none at all. I had not the least hint given me of my journey: For this self-same scarecrow of a fellow called death, was as unceremonious with me as he was punctilious with you. But, if

you wish to be informed of what preceded it, I'll tell you. A dinner with a jovial party of honest fellows, who know how to enjoy life, to laugh away the sorrows of it, and have recourse to the body to dissipate the troubles of the mind. It is a misfortune, indeed, to leave such people behind one;—and I think they are many of them sorry for me. They won't look at a bawdy picture for a fortnight,—his pimps will all lose their places, or he'll be gone for Italy to deceive his sorrows among nudities in marble and *basso relievo*. My death will give the Duke of — a fit of the gout. His Grace of — will grumble more at it than his Duchesse has done at the delay of her *Fete Chateau*; and it will make Foote confoundedly afraid of the devil.

Dr. D. From this account of yourself, Mr. P. I do not think that I have done you any dishonour in the comparison of my death with yours. Whatever might have been the case on Friday morning last, I would not change situations with you, believe me, at this hour. Here are you come *unappointed, unannealed, no reckoning made*.—Oh, Sir! think of that—

Mr. P. Why, it is but scurvy treatment, that a gentleman meets with when he dies. The moment the breath has left his body, he is striped to the skin, the shillings taken out of his pocket, and his hair, if he has any, divided from his head; and what with a snivelling old hag of a nurse, a Myrmidon of an undertaker, and an honest executor, they don't so much as leave him an handkerchief to blow his nose with: so that if there are any reckonings here, I must make friends with Mercury to borrow a trifle, or do what an honest man would not wish to do—Bilk must be the word, Doctor—Bilk must be the word.

Dr. D. You just now, Mr. P. with your usual plainness of experience, informed me of my great *human* failing, and declared your opinion, it still retained an influence over me. In that, believe me, you greatly err. However, of this I am certain, that it would have been much better for you, if the libertine spirit and jovial temper which gave such an high colouring to your life, and rendered you so delightful to your companions, had died with you; or, I should rather say, have expired before you, and left you some interval to prepare yourself for the awful change, which you must be sensible would sometimes happen; and has now overtaken you not only unprepared, but in a state of actual excess. Indeed, Sir, your pleasantry does not become you, and will have no good effect, be assured, at that Bar before which we shall shortly appear.

Mr. P. Be so good, my dear Doctor, as to recollect that I am not an unhappy brother-convict; that I want no serious address from my honest Divine, who has been condemned for forgery, to prepare me to go and be hanged with decency. Such matters are at an end with us; and as I believe your preaching would not at this time do any good, so am I convinced that my mirth cannot be productive of harm. We have both left life behind us somewhat sooner, perhaps, than either of us thought or wished for; and your Reverence in a manner that has given you, I see, a crack in your neck: but as our lives are past, and what is done, whether right or wrong, cannot be undone, it is of little consequence. I should imagine, how we pass our time on the banks of this infernal stream, 'till Charon is ready to take us over. For my part, I shall leave solemnity and a long face for the other side.

side of the water; where, if there should be an absolute necessity, I should put them on.

Dr. D. And, perhaps, never be able to put them off again for ever and ever. Indeed, indeed, Mr. P. I do not envy you! Disgraceful and terrible as my death was, I repeat it again, that, take it in all its circumstances, I would not exchange it for yours.

Mr. P. They were not, all of them, very flattering ones, I believe; however, as all accounts are settled between us and the world, and as neither of us, probably, possesses any great sensibility to posthumous fame, it may be, almost, a matter of indifference to us how we died; whether in a fit of drunkenness, or by a rope at Tyburn: though, on second thoughts, a recollection of the sable business of an execution must be attended with reflections of a very mortifying nature. The whole of the fatal morning is a terrible tale. The knocking off of fetters, the farewell of friends, the tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, with the sad society of sheriffs officers and ordinaries of Newgate, afford but gloomy ideas. Then to be dragged in slow procession, amidst the hurry of tag rag and bob-tail to Tyburn, there to exchange a coach for a cart, and, after sighing, sobbing, and praying, to have your wig taken off your head, and a cap drawn over your face; and thus equipped, by the rough, uncereemonious hand of Mr. Ketch, to be turned off with a gee-ho, Dobbin, and left swinging for an hour in the full gaze of an unmelted populace—this is but an unpleasant memorial for a man to carry with him into any country; and if it should serve you as a pass-port to the Elysian Fields, why—all's well that ends well.—Now Doctor, I think my adieu to life was better managed.

I did not give my friends the least trouble; I took no formal leave, but, with all imaginable politeness, slid, as it were, from among them, without suffering any one to rise from his chair. After passing a very pleasant day with some very pleasant people, I returned home, went to bed, and never awoke till Mercury gave me a shake, and told me how matters stood: this he did in a very few words; and in a short time after he was so kind as to introduce me to you. Now, Sir, I am sure, as a candid man, you will acknowledge that my death tells better than yours. I am sure there was less parade in it."

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

CUPID *robbed of his* PINIONS. An IDYLLIUM.

AS I was one day roaming carelessly with the young Cephisa through the Idyllican grove, we discovered Love. He lay sleeping on the ground, covered with flowers and branches of myrtle. The sports and smiles, his inseparable attendants, were amusing themselves at a distance. Cephisa embraced the opportunity, and clipped the tips of his golden pinions. When Love awoke, and discovered the tips of his pinions scattered upon the grass, he burst into tears; Jupiter pitying his distress, caused him to be wafted on a cloud, and laid on the bosom of Venus; where being tenderly nursed his wings grew again.

Cupid, to revenge himself on Cephisa, has rendered her the most capricious and inconstant of her sex. Every day kindles a new flame. She has loved me. She has loved Daphnis; and now is in love with Cleon.

The MASSACRE of GLENCO. Being a NARRATIVE of the BARBAROUS MURDER of the GLENCO MEN in the Highlands of SCOTLAND, by Way of military Execution, on the 13th of February 1692.

THE following depositions, selected from the report made by the Commissioners appointed by King William to enquire into this massacre, will inform the reader of the principal circumstances of that horrid transaction :

“ Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlas, sheriff-deputy of Argyle, depones, That the deceased Glenco came to Inverary about the beginning of January 1692, with a letter from Colonel Hill, and was three days there before Ardkinlas could get thither, because of bad weather; and that Glenco said to him, That he had not come sooner, because he was hindered by the storm. And Ardkinlas farther depones, That when he declined to give the oath of allegiance to Glenco, because the last of December, the time appointed for the taking of it, was past, Glenco begged with tears that he might be admitted to take it, and promised to bring in all his people within a short time to do the like; and if any of them refused, they should be imprisoned or sent to Flanders. Upon which Ardkinlas says, He did administer to him the oath of allegiance upon the 6th of January 1692, and sent a certificate thereof to Edinburgh, with Colonel Hill's letter to Colin Campbell, sheriff-clerk of Argyle, who was then at Edinburgh; and further wrote to the said Colin that he should write back to him, whether Glenco's taking of the oath was allowed by the council or not. And the said Colin, sheriff-clerk, depones. That the foresaid letters, and the certificate relating to Glenco, with some other certificates relating to some

other persons, all upon one paper, were sent in to him to Edinburgh by Ardkinlas; which paper being produced upon oath by Sir Gilbert Elliot, clerk of the secret council, but rolled and scored as to Glenco's part, and his taking the oath of allegiance, yet the commissioners found that it was not so delete or dashed, but that it may be read that Glenco did take the oath of allegiance at Inverary the 6th day of Jan. 1692. And the said Colin Campbell depones, That it came to his hand fairly written, and not dashed; and that with this certificate he had the said letter from Ardkinlas (with Col. Hill's abovementioned letter to Ardkinlas inclosed) bearing, how earnest Glenco was to take the oath of allegiance, and that he had taken it upon the 6th of January, but that Ardkinlas was doubtful if that the council would receive it; and the sheriff-clerk did produce before the commissioners the foresaid letter by Col. Hill to Ardkinlas, dated at Fort William the 31st day of December 1691, and bearing, that Glenco had been with him, but slipped some days out of ignorance; yet that it was good to bring in a lost sheep at any time, and would be an advantage to render the king's government easy. And with the said sheriff-clerk, the Lord Aberuchil, Mr. John Campbell, writer to the signet, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, clerk to the council, do all declare, That Glenco's taking the oath of allegiance, with Ardkinlas's foresaid certificate, as to his part of it, did come to Edinburgh, and was seen by them fairly written, and not scored or dashed; but that Sir Gilbert and the other clerk of the council refused to take it in, because done after the day appointed by the proclamation. Whereupon the said Colin Campbell, and Mr. John Campbell, went, as they depone, to the Lord Aberuchil, then a privy-

counsellor, and desired him to take the advice of the privy-counsellors about it; and accordingly they affirm that Aberuchil said he had spoke to several privy-counsellors, and partly to the Lord Stair; and that it was their opinion that the foresaid certificate could not be received without a warrant from the king, and that it would neither be safe to Ardkinlas, nor profitable to Glenco, to give in the certificate to the clerk of the council; and this the Lord Aberuchil confirms by his deposition, but doth not name therein the Lord Stair. And Colin Campbell, the sheriff-clerk, does farther depone, That with the knowledge of the Lord Aberuchil, Mr. John Campbell, and Mr. David Moncrief, clerk to the council, he did by himself or his servant, score or delete the foresaid certificate, as now it stands scored, as to Glenco's taking the oath of allegiance, and that he gave it in so scored or obliterate to the said Mr. David Moncrief, clerk of the council, who took it in as it is now produced. But it doth not appear by all these depositions, that the matter was brought to the council-board, that the council's pleasure might be known upon it, though it seems to have been intended by Ardkinlas, who both writ himself, and sent Colonel Hill's letter to make Glenco's excuse, and desired expressly to know the council's pleasure.

After that Glenco had taken the oath of allegiance, as is said, he went home to his own house; and, as his own two sons above-named depone, he not only lived there for some days quietly and securely, but called his people together, and told them he had taken the oath of allegiance, and made his peace, and therefore desired and engaged them to live peaceably under King William's government, as the depositions

of the said two sons, who were present, marked with the letter E, bear.

These things having preceded the slaughter, which happened not to be committed until the 13th of February, 1692, six weeks after the deceased Glenco had taken the oath of allegiance at Inverary, the slaughter of the Glenco men was in this manner, viz. John and Alexander Macdonalds, sons to the deceased Glenco, depone, That Glengary's house being reduced, the forces were called back to the south, and Glenlyon, a Captain of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, with Lieutenant Lindsay and Ensign Lindsay, and six score soldiers, returned to Glenco about the 1st of Feb. 1692, where, at their entry, the elder brother John met them with about 20 men, and demanded the reason of their coming; and Lieutenant Lindsay shewed him his orders for quartering there under Colonel Hill's hand, and gave assurance that they were only come to quarter; whereupon they were billeted in the country, and had free quarters and kind entertainment, living familiarly with the people until the 13th day of Feb. And Alexander farther depone, That Glenlyon being his wife's uncle, came almost every day and took his morning drink at his house; and that the very night before the slaughter, Glenlyon did play at cards in his own quarters with both the brothers. And John depone, That old Glenco, his father, had invited Glenlyon, Lieutenant Lindsay and Ensign Lindsay, to dine with him upon the very day the slaughter happened. But on the 13th day of Feb. being Saturday, about four or five in the morning, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of the foresaid soldiers, came to old Glenco's house, where having called in a friendly manner, and got in, they

shot

shot his father dead with several shots as he was rising out of his bed; and the mother having got up and put on her clothes, the soldiers stripped her naked, and drew the rings off her fingers with their teeth; as likewise they killed one man more, and wounded another grievously at the same place. And this relation they say they had from their mother, and is confirmed by the deposition of Archibald Macdonald indweller in Glenco; who farther depones that Glenco was shot behind his back with two shots, one through the head, and another through the body; and two more were killed with him in that place, and a third wounded and left for dead. And this he knows, because he came that same day to Glenco's house, and saw his dead body lying before the door, with the other two that were killed, and spoke with the third that was wounded, whose name was Duncan Don, who came there occasionally with letters from the Brae of Mar.

The said John Macdonald, eldest son to the deceased Glenco, depones, the same morning that his father was killed, there came soldiers to his house before day, and called at his window, which gave him the alarm, and made him go to Innerriggen, where Glenlyon was quartered, and that he found Glenlyon and his men preparing their arms, which made the deponent ask the cause; but Glenlyon gave him only good words, and said they were to march against some of Glengary's men, and if they were ill attended, would not he have told Sandy and his niece? meaning the deponent's brother and his wife; which made the deponent go home and go again to his bed, until his servant, who hindered him to sleep, raised him. And when he rose and went out, he perceived about twenty men coming towards his house, with their bayonets fixed to their mus-

kets; whereupon he fled to the hill, and having Auchnaion, a little village in Glenco, in view, he heard the shots wherewith Auchintriatten and four more were killed; and that he heard also the shots at Inneriggen, where Glenlyon had caused to kill nine more, as shall be hereafter declared. And this is confirmed by the concurring deposition of Alexander Macdonald his brother, whom a servant waked out of sleep, saying, It is no time for you to be sleeping, when they are killing your brother at the door; which made Alexander to flee with his brother to the hill, where both of them heard the fore-said shots at Auchnaion and Inneriggen. And the said John, Alexander, and Archibald Macdonald, do all depone, that the same morning there was one Serjeant Barber and a party at Auchnaion, and that Auchintriatten being there in his brother's house, with eight more sitting about the fire, the soldiers discharged upon them about 18 shot; which killed Auchintriatten and four more; but the other four, whereof some were wounded, falling down as dead, Serjeant Barber laid hold on Auchintriatten's brother, one of the four, and asked him if he were alive? He answered, that he was, and that he desired to die without rather than within: Barber said, that for his meat that he had eaten, he would do him the favour to kill him without; but when the man was brought out, and soldiers brought up to shoot him, he having his plaid loose, flung it over their faces, and so escaped; and the other three broke through the back of the house, and escaped. And this account the deponents had from the men that escaped. And at Inneriggen, where Glenlyon was quartered, the soldiers took other nine men, and did bind them hand and foot, killed them one by one with shot. And when

Glenlyon inclined to save a young man of about twenty years of age, one Captain Drummond came and asked how he came to be saved, in respect of the orders that were given, and shot him dead. And another young boy of about thirteen years ran to Glenlyon to be saved, and he was likewise shot dead; and in the same town there was a woman, and a boy about four or five years of age, killed; and at Auchnaion there was also a child missed, and nothing found of him but the hand. There were likewise several killed at other places, whereof one was an old man about eighty years of age. And all this the deponents say they affirm, because they heard the shot, saw the dead bodies, and had an account from the women that were left. And Ronald Macdonald, indweller in Glenco, farther depones, that he being living with his father in a little town of Glenco, some of Glenlyon's soldiers came to his father's house the said 13th of February in the morning, and dragged his father out of his bed, and knocked him down for dead at the door; which the deponent seeing, made his escape; and his father recovering after the soldiers were gone, got into another house; but this house was shortly burnt, and his father burnt in it: and the deponent came there after, and gathered his father's bones, and burnt them. He also declares, that at Auchnaion, where Auchintriaten was killed, he saw the body of Auchintriaten and three more cast out and covered with dung. And another witness of the same declares, that upon the same 13th of February, Glenlyon and Lieutenant Lindsay, and their soldiers, did in the morning before day fall upon the people of Glenco when they were secure in their beds, and killed them; and he being at Inneriggen, fled with the first, but heard shots,

and had two brothers killed there, as were three men more and a woman, who were all buried before he came back. And all these five witnesses concur, that the foresaid slaughter was made by Glenlyon and his soldiers, after they had been quartered and lived peaceably and friendly with the Glenco men about thirteen days, and that the number of those whom they knew to be slain were about twenty-five; and that the soldiers after the slaughter did burn the houses, barns, and goods, and carried away a great spoil of horse, nolt, and sheep, above a thousand. And James Campbell, foldier in the castle of Stirling, depones, that in January 1692, he being then a soldier in Glenlyon's company, marched with the company from Inerlochic to Glenco, where the company was quartered, and very kindly entertained for the space of fourteen days; that he knew nothing of the design of killing the Glenco men till the morning that the slaughter was committed; at which time Glenlyon and Capt. Drummond's companies were drawn out in several parties, and got orders from Glenlyon and their other officers to shoot and kill all the countrymen they met with, and that the deponent being one of the party which was at the town where Glenlyon had his quarters, did see several men drawn out of their beds, and particularly he did see Glenlyon's own landlord shot by his order, and a young boy of about twelve years of age, was shot dead by Capt. Drummond's order. And lastly, Sir Colin Campbell, of Abernuchil, depones, that after the slaughter, Glenlyon told him that Macdonald of Inneriggen was killed with the rest of the Glenco men, with Col. Hill's pafs or protection in his pocket, which a soldier brought and shewed to Glenlyon."

P O E T R Y.

THE PARSONS: An Eclogue.

Written by the late unfortunate Dr. DODD, in the early Part of his Life, near Thirty Years ago.

A Small neat house, and little spot of ground,
Where herbs, and fruits, and kitchen-stuff were found,
The humble Vicar of North Wilford blest,
Small was his living,—but his heart at rest:
Unseen, unblam'd, he pass'd his time away,
He smok'd, or wrote, or mus'd, or walk'd all day.

Thro' all the year no anxious cares he knew;
But just at Easter, when he claim'd his due;
And then the surly rustic's churlish pride,
His well-earn'd tythes disputed, or deny'd.
The Vicar, still preferring want to strife,
Gave up his dues to lead a peaceful life.
His garden once in pensive mood he sought;
His pipe attended, as a friend to thought;
And while the smoke in eddies round him play'd,

A neighbouring Vicar enter'd he survey'd;
One like himself, a downright honest priest;
Whose scanty dues his love of peace decreas'd.

Suppose the little ceremonies done,
And all the rites of lighting pipes begun;
Suppose the whiffs in sober sort flow round,
And both in musing very deeply drown'd:
For so it was,—till thus the first good man
Fetch'd a deep whiff, and anxiously began.

FIRST PARSON.

Wou'd God I my friend, his goodness had assign'd

Some lot more suited to my feeling mind:
Lest tho' my income, if from torture free,
Content wou'd well supply the loss to me:
For all the pence, the little dues I glean,
Or raise my scorn, my pity, or my spleen:
I'll tell thee—but e'en now a neighbour came,

For want diffus'd o'er all his meagre frame,

Five-pence the sum, he gave a shilling o'er,
Kind shook his head, and wish'd he cou'd do more:

I turn'd away, nor cou'd from tears refrain,
'Twas death to take it—to refuse it vain.

SECOND PARSON.

Such gentle manners more afflict the mind
Than the rough rudeness of the baser kind:
Just e'er I came, a rustic braggart elf,
Proud of his purse, and glorying in his self,
Approach'd, and bold demand'd what to pay,
“What claims the priest, whom we maintain to pray?”

Th' account he gave me of his stock I knew
Was half curtail'd, and scarce one number true:

Howe'er, my silence favour'd the deceit,
And, fond of quiet, I conceal'd the cheat:
Yet, when the small, the half demand I made,

He bully'd, swore, and damn'd the preaching trade;

All God's good household with irreverence curst;

And me, with soul abuse, as far the worst:
Thou know'st, my friend, what agonising smart

Such brutal outrage gives a tender heart.

FIRST PARSON.

Too well, alas! too fatally I know
From whence those complicated evils flow
From tythes! from tythes! the Clergy's woes arise,

They mar religion, nay, they rob the skies:
Wou'd God! our monarch's ever-gracious hand

In this wou'd deign to bless the wretched land:
Wou'd God! the tythes like taxes might be paid,

A fix'd revenue by some statute made:
How then wou'd blest religion rear her head!
How thro' each village kindly virtue spread!
What souls with heav'nly comfort would be blest!

How happy, then, parishioner and priest!

Thus

Thus of true grievances the priests repin'd,
And with their own, spoke all their brethren's mind;

When toll'd the bell, and to the church flow move

Six virgins, bearing one who dy'd for love:
The grave debate was silenc'd by the bell;
The Vicars rose, and kindly took farewell.—
The first his sermon seeks, and hattes away,
The last sad duties to the dead to pay:

From love he much advis'd the youthful throng,

Drew tears from all, and pleas'd, tho' preaching long:

While slow, his brother, on his easy pad,
Pac'd home full grave; and ruminating sad.

E N I G M A.

YE blooming fair I boast celestial birth,
Tho' oft I fix my residence on earth;
In Paradise I once was known to dwell,
Ere the first Pair by disobedience fell.

But when the horrors of their guilt they knew,

From the sad bow'r precipitate I flew.

Once by a virtuous prince I was possess'd,
And liv'd the sov'ring umpire of his breast;
But now, alas; at courts I'm seldom found,
My direful foes usurp the spacious ground;
Like Noah's dove I range the world's vast space,

Alike perplex'd to find a resting place.

My sex is feminine (so poets feign)

I wear a placid and engaging mien;

I'm ever warm, benevolent, sincere,

And where I reign diffusive smiles appear;

Av'rice I hate, and envy I despise,

And consort only with the good and wise.

Take one hint more ere you my name disclose,
I heighten joys, and soften human woes.

MARY FOXGLOVE.

EXTEMPORE on the Chevalier D'EON.

A Prodigy! this Chevalier,
A most unrivall'd peerless peer
Is surely Monsieur D'Eon;

In arts of peace and war renown'd,

As well as politics profound,

And brave as *Cœur de Lion*.

In vain may time his page explore,
To find a precedent of yore,

As yet out-done by no man;

Let Britain boast her warlike sons,

Or Asia of her Amazons,

While France can boast a woman.

Both sexes admiration thou,

A female and a manly brow,

At once so oddly met;

Say, can ye sages yet decide

Which best, or both, can D'Eon guide,

The camp or cabinet.

T. S.

The G A R D E N.

I.

THE various flowers that deck the field,
Produce no small delight;
More charming those the garden yield,
And brighter to the sight.

II.

The common girls that walk the street
A moment strike your eye,
But these no farther notice meet
When *Arabella's* by.

III.

The tulip is the gaudiest flower
That in the garden grows,
But who acknowledges its power
That once beholds the rose?

IV.

Beauty alone awhile may charm,
But virtue shines more bright;
Her force can every force disarm,
And ravish every sight.

V.

The moral of my song you see
Should virtue's charms disclose;
Gay girls may gaudy *Tulips* be,
The prudent is the *Rose*.

The QUESTION: A SONG.

I.

SINCERE, O Damon! tell me now,
Must I believe the artful tale,
And must I credit every vow
Which Damon made me in the vale?

II.

To other maids, at other times,
You've said the same you said to me,
To them you sung your choicest rhymes:
Are you from those engagements free?

III.

Or right, or wrong, I cannot say,
But Damon has my faithful vow;
To him I give myself away——
Say, Damon, will you love me now?

*The ALBICORE and the FLYING FISH :
A FABLE. Addressed to Corporal SIM—IN,
who was lately heard lamenting at his Lot
in this Life. Written at Northampton, in
June 1777. By CASSANDRA.*

SAY, Corporal, didst thou ever find
One in the race of human kind,
Who did not at his lot repine,
And with 'twere chang'd—for yours or mine?
Believe me, what I say is true,
The malady infects e'en you.
Passing the little villa by,
Did it ne'er catch thy longing eye,
The garden, orchard, and neat cot,
Where strife and tumult are forgot;
Had it been offer'd, would'st not thou
Quitted the army long ago?
And bid, at once, the devil and all,
Go seek for honour at Bengal?
I'm sure I envy such a man,
And, though I'm fond of this my plan,
I'd in a moment to him yield
My hopes of rising in the field;
The evil's general, yet, in spite
Of this, "Whatever is—is right."

A FLYING-FISH, one summer's day,
Was roaming through the wat'ry way;
"What a time's mine!" cries he: below,
The ALBICORE, my ruthless foe,
Each moment seeks my life: to save
My being, if I quit the wave,
And ply my wings; then swift, from far,
Darts down the ravenous bird of war.
Hence then, in vain, from death I fly,
Doom'd in his murderous grasp to die:
Thus, wretched state! nor air, nor sea,
Is safe for poor, unhappy me,
Wou'd I had never been!" Not more
He said; for, lo, the Albicore!
At once he leaves the hostile deep,
Down comes the fowl with horrid sweep!
What must be done? To trust to man
Were madness; yet 'tis all he can.
One would do all things for the best;
He skims into a sailor's breast:
Ah, sad resource! as soon as ta'en,
He's hook'd, and thrown into the main.
The Albicore now once more views
His prey, and swift as thought pursues:
Eager he snatches at the bait,
And finds he is deceiv'd too late:
"Thou wretch!" he cry'd, "who didst
deplete
Thy lamentable state,—no more!
Know, to repine at the decree
Of heav'n, is not for you or me.
All, all must feed: I own, 'tis true,
We live but in the death of you:
But then too we, to satisfy
Man's craving appetite, must die;

And man, tho' now he stands so firm,
E'en he shall fall, to feed—a worm.
At what heav'n wisely doth ordain,
Let not its creatures, then, complain,
But ever patiently abide
Their lot below," he said, and dy'd.

S O N N E T.

*Sung by the AUTHOR, a few Evenings
since, at a Meeting of the Society called
THE CORPORATION OF STROUD
GREEN.*

IN summer when the fields are green,
Kind nature spreads her beauteous scene,
And lads and lasses sport and play,
Among the cocks of new mown hay.

When birds dislend their warbling throats,
And each sounds forth his sweetest notes;
Resplendant Sol's refulgent ray,
Exhales the cocks of new mown hay.

How rich the meadows do appear,
Deck'd with the verdure of the year;
Superior beauties they display,
When fill'd with cocks of new mown hay.

The morn'ring brook and purling rill
Each bosom may with pleasure fill;
My nobler theme shall bear the sway,
The fragrant cocks of new mown hay.

O then my love with me repair,
Where odours scent the ambient air;
Haste, haste, my fair, swift let's away,
Unto the cocks of new mown hay.

Our time we'll pass in transport there,
And you shall be my only care;
Love's gentle passion we'll allay,
Among the cocks of new mown hay.

R. G.

A W I S H.

I WISH kind heav'n had cast my lot,
To dwell beneath a rural cot,
And like the shepherd's honest breast,
My heart as simple shou'd be dress'd;
Domestic bliss would here resort,
Stranger to a sumptuous court;
My hours with ease I should enjoy,
Nor tumult shou'd my peace destroy;
In rustic strain I'd tune my reed,
My sheep in—vale shou'd feed.
On each propitious circling morn,
Soon as the rising day is born,
I'd to the pleasant rural fields,
To reap the health the country yield;

My

My sheep and lambs shou'd be my care,
Whilst I receive the wholesome air;
If I shou'd chance my fair to see,
What mortal could be blest like me;
My sheep should graze the plain along
While I compose a lyric song.

ALCASTO.

An ODE, written in a SOLITARY SCENE.

SHOULD every earthly blessing fail,
And storms of grief around me wait;
Should ne'er a sweet through life avail,
To smooth the harsh decrees of fate;

In spite of charms that wait around
Its pure and unremitting flame,
Should friendship's sacred self be found
A lifeless shade, a specious name:

Yet me ye fleeting forms ah! teach
(Nor hence my weary soul entice)
To place my views beyond your reach,
Within the bright æthereal skies;

Where comforts never known to fade,
Shall feast the fondly-ravish'd eye;
Where friendship too, ah, lovely maid!
Shall gently bloom and never die.

*On DREAMS: their presumptive Causes,
Connections, and References.*

AS Echo's voice returns the pleasing lay,
So is a dream the echo of the day;
The busy thoughts that round some object
teem,

Off join in sleep to frame the nightly theme:
Then bright-eye'd Fancy lifts her magic
wand,

And scenes unreal rise at her command:
Then Comedy, with all her laughing train,
Straight issues from the porch of Comus' fane,
And bringing with her all her playful wiles,
Her pranks, her gambols, and her winning
smiles.

She bids her merry troop approach the bed,
And beat their airy dance round Amity's
head.

But when some chosen Fair commands the
heart,

Still Fancy acts at night her mimic part:
With skilful hand she decks the living scene,
And others to the view, the bosom's queen.
Ye lovers, answer to the truth I sing,
Say, does not Fancy to your slumber bring,
Deck'd by each grace in beauty's best array,
The welcome Fair that charm'd you through
the day!

Does not her form, returning to the light,
Like Cynthia bursting through the cloud
of night,
Transport your throbbing breast with love's
delight?

How pleas'd each well-known feature we
defcry,

That look of sense! that eloquence of eye!
She speaks—her words, beyond vain music
art,

Steal on our slumber, and enchant the heart.

Sometimes a dream anticipates the date,
Comes like a prophet to unfold our fate:
And thus, e'er Yorick sunk into the tomb,
The Priest of Sentiment foresaw his doom:
'Twas night—his solitary couch he press'd,
Till sorrow-worn he languish'd into rest;
'Twas then Eliza, rushing on his view,
Thus on his slumber breach'd her sad adieu:
“Oh thou my guardian, confident, and
friend,

To what thy handmaid now reveals, attend:
No longer now the bliss of health implore,
The curtain drops, and thy short scene is o'er:
Oh long-belov'd! Oh ever, ever dear,
I'll wait thy mem'ry with many a tear:
Yet e'er thy fleeting spirit takes its flight,
Yet e'er I'm robb'd of (all my bliss) thy sight!
Some fond endearment to Eliza shew,
And thy last blessing on thy child bestow.”

The vision ceas'd—yet then the shawl she
spread,

To raise, compassionate, his drooping head;
And from her eyes as beads of sorrow fell,
She on her knees receiv'd his last farewell.
Oft playful Fancy sheds a brighter beam,
And prompts the splendid allegoric dream:
Thus late while sleep my closing eye-lids
seal'd,

This visionary scene she then reveal'd:
Methought, encompass'd with a brilliant
train,

I sought the steps of bright Minerva's fane:
Full in the midst a mystic vase I view'd,
Round which the Muses new-blown flowers
strew'd;

Arm'd with the lyre I saw a youthful band,
Who wak'd the founding chords with skilful
hand;

Unnumber'd beauties silent stood around,
Who grac'd as priestesses the hallow'd ground:
There Virtue wore the most attractive mien,
And in the form of Marlborough was seen:
The Graces too, well-taught each heart to win,
Knock'd at the door, and Bamfylde let them in!
This visionary scene that Fancy bred
Remov'd—and through the gates of morning
fled!

I care not that the vision sought the skies,
While Miller's Dome Minerva's fane sup-
plies:

Ye youths, ye fair, accept the verse that's due,
The splendid Dream is real to us you.

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, June 16.

BY some letters from Toulon, Brest, and Rochfort, our naval forces in these three ports, amount to 63 ships of war, from 64 to 100 guns, which will be all ready for sea in two months. There are also on the stocks five ships of the line, and besides these, they reckon 20 frigates from 40 to 50 guns, besides several other smaller frigates and vessels.

They also write from Brest, that two men of war and two frigates had lately sailed from that port, to watch the motions of some English ships that had appeared off the Isle of Rhé, under pretence of cruising against the American privateers.

Brussels, June 19. By a letter from Cape Francois, of the 11th of April, received in France, the trade of St. Domingo with the insurgents, increases greatly, and is carried on publicly enough. The English only interrupt that correspondence, by the most marked hostilities. It is said, that they have attacked in that latitude a pink belonging to the king; which they searched, and treated very ill. Sudden orders were given to cruising frigates to seek an opportunity to revenge that insult. On the other hand we learn, that on the coast of Normandy a merchantman has been insulted by a ship, which after having hoisted French colours, and drawn near her under that ensign, had fired a cannon shot into her, which greatly damaged her; the captain has deposed this fact before the Admiralty of Cherbourg.

Extract of a letter from an Officer on board the Eagle, off New-York, dated June 9, 1777, to his Friend in London.

"The interesting period at length approaches, on which the fate of our contest with America must finally depend; you may now look for the most important advices

Month. May

from this quarter; the preparations for the campaign are completed, and the major part of the troops already in the field; the generals Howe and De Heister left New-York two days since for the Jerseys; the army are in the highest health and spirits, and I assure you hold all obstacles to their success in the most sovereign contempt. The recruits lately arrived from England, with the 11th and Somerset, had a very favourable passage.

"The enemy occupy the Pennsylvania side the Delaware, having, it is said, evacuated the Jerseys; they have thrown up a chain of works, which I suppose they will desert with their usual expedition. It is really laughable to observe the pains our paragraph-mongers are at, at home, to magnify the importance of the posts possessed by the rebels, and their superior intelligence with respect to local advantages and knowledge of the country. Will any person believe they can again occupy works more tenable than those from which we have seen 30,000 men fly with the most daftardly precipitation? It may be urged, that they were intimidated by our shipping; this however could not hold true at Fort Washington, had the rebels chose to have supported their works on the Jersey shore, we know by experience no ships could have prevented the garrison in the fort from receiving supplies of provisions and men. The advocates for the Americans think the rivers, which so plentifully intersect this country, will greatly impede our progress; I believe very little: the most judicious means have been taken to obviate this difficulty. The pontoons are of a new and excellent construction; and we yesterday dispatched twenty flat boats to attend the army; each of these will transport seventy men; they move over

M in

Jun

land on carriages, which are put together when required, and drawn by four horses at a considerable pace. I was present when Lord Howe and the General viewed them; in less than twelve minutes the carriages were taken out of the boats, the wheels put on, the boats rolled up, and the whole in motion; they promise to be of great utility in the course of the campaign.

"We are told of an intercepted letter, in which Washington says to some of the leading people, that he can expect no support from the southward; that the northern provinces have greatly disappointed him, and that in short he has not more than 9000 to whom he can look for working out the great cause of liberty. I will not say what credit this report merits, but as Washington's sentiments, they really appear picturesque of his situation.

"The rebels, from doing violence to the freedom and property of such as refused to adopt their principles, have proceeded to sanguinary executions. Many have already suffered. The general disdains the precedent; but the field will probably furnish ample scope for retributive justice.

"General Lee is removed to the Centurion, for greater security: he is permitted to walk the quarter deck. The loss of the Hessians at Prince Town did not a little retard our interest in America; nothing less than an incident of this kind could have animated the rebels again to take the field; the flight of the congress to Baltimore awakened a thousand apprehensions, which were only quieted by captain Raile's indifference. The foreign troops have merit, but it would be an injustice to the British regiments to draw them into comparison for fire and activity.

"We cruised in the Phoenix from the 25th of December to the 15th of March off Virginia; in which time we took, sunk, or burnt fourteen sail, all laden; we had a series of tempestuous weather; we went twice into Virginia; the first time carrying a flag of truce to York for exchange of prisoners. The people there are the most degraded imaginable, forced to accept information through the channel of their committees; they have no idea of their real situation; losses are concealed, defeats made victories, and French assistance represented as at the door. By such subtleties, three-fourths of the rebels are engaged in the nominal support of a desperate cause.

"In a few days we go round to the Delaware, to co-operate with the army. My Lord Howe comes on board immediately. We take a considerable fleet with us.—The *Angara*, *Somerlet*, *St. Albans*, *Nonfuch*,

Isis, *Preston*, *Centurion*, and several frigates are at present here."

Extract of a Letter from Dublin, July 3:

"His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, in order to secure the shipping in the harbour from any hostile attempts from the American privateers cruising at this time in the channel, sent yesterday from the arsenal in the castle ten pieces of cannon, under the care of two detachments of artillery, and parties of the 11th regiment of foot, one of which have raised a battery of four long six pounders at the extremity of North wall, and the other a battery of six cannon at the Pigeon House, on the new South wall.

"The shipping are falling down as near the bridge as possible, and the linen vessels are unloading with the greatest expedition. No insurance can be procured, and linen has already fallen 1d. per yard. Orders are given that no vessel shall go out of the harbour on any account.

"Our trade is in a great measure stopped by three American privateers being in the Channel of 18, 14, and 10 guns; it is known that they have taken 14 vessels to the northward; they sunk one vessel at Lambay about 14 miles from hence. A ship from Leghorn passed by our bay the 23rd inst. it is supposed she is taken. The linen ships will remain here for convoy; not a man of war on our coasts to protect or drive away those pirates."

LONDON NEWS.

July 1. Tuesday last came on at twelve o'clock, before the Right Hon. Lord Mansfield and a special jury, the long depending cause of the policies under wrote on Chevalier D'Eon's sex, in the year 1771. The action was brought by one Mr. Hayes, a policy holder, against Mr. Jacks, a broker and underwriter, for the recovery of 700l. for which the said Mr. Jacks received a premium of fifteen guineas per cent. about six years ago, promising to return one hundred guineas for each fifteen guineas so received, on the other proving that the person, known by the name of Chevalier D'Eon, was actually a woman.

The witnesses having been called for the plaintiff, after the opening of the cause by Mr. Buller, one Mr. Le Goux, surgeon and man-midwife, who has lived in Pall-mall-street seventeen years, and known the Chevalier D'Eon from the time the Duke de Nivernois was in England, declared that the person so called was a real woman. The counsel for the defendant, having chosen to elaborate the question, and dip as far in it as it could be permitted with decency, that the said Le Goux was very closely examined, and some question

questions put to him, which unveiled the sex of the Chevalier rather too much; Mr. Lee having pressed Le Goux so closely, that it came out at last, that the Chevalier D'Eon had a disorder in the very place from which the knowledge of her sex was to derive, and that the said Le Goux attended her in that disorder, and acquired thus the most unquestionable proof that his patient was a woman. Many more questions were put to the said Mr. Le Goux about his disordered patient, who answered them all in the amplest and the most satisfactory manner.

The next witness examined was Miss D'Eon's old friend Mr. De Morande, who confirmed the deposition of Mr. Le Goux, that Chevalier D'Eon was a woman, and added to it some particulars, which excited the laugh of all the persons in the court; the cross examining counsel for defendant, having put to Mr. De Morande the question, how he came to know that the Chevalier was a woman? was answered, as near as we can recollect, in the following manner:

That about four years ago, having dined with the Chevalier D'Eon at her own house, the said Chevalier (who Mr. De Morande, through the course of his examination called Miss D'Eon) after making him acquainted with her sex in confidence, and informing him of several other things relative to her situation, shewed him different facques and petticoats, shifts, shoes, tinkets, &c. &c. which she informed him she wore, and that as a confirmation of her being a woman, she opened her waistcoat, and shewed him her bosom. Such was the former part of Mr. De Morande's evidence, to which he added, on the counsel pressing him further on the question,

That on the 3d of July 1774, De Morande's wife being brought to bed, he went to the said Chevalier's house in the morning, and that finding her in bed, the conversation grew pretty free and gay. De Morande then told the said Chevalier there was a fine opportunity for her to declare her sex, as he offered her the opportunity of being either godfather or godmother, on which D'Eon answered in the most astonishing manner to De Morande, by telling him *il approche ici & donne moi la main* (come here and give me thy hand) which she instantly drew into the bed, leaving him in the utmost astonishment at such levity, which the counsel for defendant called a very singular instance of French levity.

In the evidence of De Morande, it came out that he had been himself employed by her, to negotiate her return to France, and the restitution of some papers which she was to deliver to one Mr. Beaumarchais, and

from which restitution she received an annuity of 500 guineas, exclusive of other sums of money to a considerable amount; the examining counsel for the defendant, entered deeply into Miss D'Eon's political affairs, and was as clearly answered by De Morande; who seemed to be entirely master of the subject, entertained the court and jury as much as he enlightened them by the novelty and singularity of his evidence.

Doctor De Malon, a French physician, was called the next, and De Morande sworn as an interpreter to him, De Malon being unacquainted with the English language.

The said De Malon swore, that from his own knowledge, he was certain that the person called Chevalier D'Eon was a woman, that he attended her in a woman's disorder, and that he was sure *devant Dieu*, and that the person going by the name of Chevalier D'Eon, was of the feminine gender.

The counsel for the plaintiff, having finished their evidence, Mr. Mansfield rose in behalf of the defendant, and chiefly argued on the indecency of the cause, and the impropriety of its being brought into a court of justice; adding to it, that Mr. Jacks was drawn into an error, and taken in by a fraudulent concealment in the contract; going on that ground, Mr. Mansfield thought that the best part of his defence, would be in some errors of chronology, about the time of the particulars relative to the sex of D'Eon being discovered, and about the time of the negotiation of D'Eon with the court so France; in which attempt however Mr. Mansfield did not succeed, having been far from establishing that Mr. Hayes had been privy to any particulars of Miss D'Eon's sex, before he was a proprietor of the policies.

The answer made upon oath by the said Mr. Hayes (upon a bill filed against him in the court of Exchequer by Jacks) was then read in court, and proved to the satisfaction of the bench and jury that Mr. Hayes was entirely a stranger to all fraudulent transactions (if there had been any) and was so far unacquainted with the possibility of winning, that he sold half of his policies to the Baron Nolken, the Swedish Ambassador, for the premium that he had paid for the same.

Mr. Wallace then arose in answer to Mr. Mansfield, and laughing at the ridiculousness of the idea of Mr. Jacks, to pretend that the cause was indecent for a court of justice, while he had kept (and even did not offer to pay into that court) the premium he received. Mr. Wallace, in the most accurate, and the most masterly manner, retorted on the indecency of such a defence, which helped him to turn the tables upon the defendant, and convinced all the assistants, that

If there was any fraudulent act, it was undoubtedly on the other side of the question.

Mr. Wallace having closed his speech, Mr. Lord Mansfield got up, and in repeating the evidence and arguments with his usual admirable precision, his lordship said (in addressing the jury) that the instance before them was one of those in which he would wish to see both parties losers; but that considering the nature of the evidence and of the defences made, it was not in his power, since there was no fraud proved, nor any illegality in the transaction, which was to be considered as a mere wager; and that the uncertainty having been as great for one of the parties as for the other, the winner was to be considered by them as entitled to recover the betts; his lordship collected all the circumstances which could determine the defendant to believe that D'Eon was a man, collecting together the whole history of that famous woman's life; representing to the jury, that she was employed in a military as well as in a political capacity in her country, and unsuspected by her own king; was successively captain of dragoons, employed in Russia, Charge des Affaires in England, and at last Plenipotentiary; that to these presumptions, in favour of Jack's opinion, the dress and the spirit of D'Eon, who quarrelled, fenced, and offered to fight any body as a man, had been a much stronger evidence than any of those which could have been given of the side of the female gender; for which reasons, added to the proofs offered by the plaintiff, that he had not been privy to any confidential knowledge whatsoever about her sex, but was only directed by his private opinion, and common report, the cause depending was to be considered as a fair wager, and the verdict to be given for the winner; on which the jury, without retiring from court, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with 700*l.* damages and costs.

On Friday last came on the election for a member for Flint, in the room of Sir John Glyn, deceased, when Watkin Williams, Esq; was chosen without opposition.

2. At the final close of the poll yesterday at Guildhall, for Chamberlain of this city, the numbers were as follows:

For Mr. Hopkins,	2132
For Mr. Wilkes,	1228

Mr. Alderman Wilkes begs leave at this final close of the poll for Chamberlain of the City of London, to return his hearty thanks to the 1228 Liverymen who have generously given him their support at the late election. He finds it a most pleasing reflection, that, notwithstanding the repeated instances of treachery or desertion in some, of lukewarmness or indifference to the public cause in others, he has still so many spirited, con-

sistent, and steady friends among the Livery of London. He earnestly intreats them to remain an united and compact body, firmly knit together, and ready for any great exertion in the cause of freedom, of this city, of this country. He desires to save them the trouble of attending on Friday next to assist at the mere formality of declaring the numbers on the late poll, but hopes to be honoured by their appearance in his favour at Guildhall on next Midsummer-day, being determined then to make a further appeal to his fellow citizens. As he knows the Livery of London to be a very fluctuating body, by the yearly loss of many members, and the considerable acquisition of others, he trusts a large portion of public virtue will be the dower of the new Liverymen, and infuse a good degree of fresh spirit into its languid frame. He shall not then doubt of success to the present incorrupt and independent minority, against those devout worshippers of Mammon, the old, rotten, and corrupt members of this degenerate corporation, and that its ancient dignity will be recovered. He considers Mr. Hopkins as elected at this time by his Peers, and is sure that for some transactions with which he has been publicly charged, he ought to be tried by his Peers. He shall always think it his duty to endeavour to rescue his native city, the metropolis of the British Empire, from the disgrace of having a man to govern its finances, and a magistrate to watch over its rising generation, whose unwarrantable proceedings, as a merchant, in the execution of the most confidential part of his trust, the business of insurances, are well known, and who has been convicted at the bar of the public of a base traffic in annuities, of the most unfair transactions with a minor, of mean fraud, falsehood, and usury.

A Court of Aldermen was held yesterday at Guildhall, when Sir Charles Agill, Bart. Alderman of the ward of Candlewick, desired leave to surrender his office of Alderman, on account of his state of health, and being advised by his physicians to go to France; the Court agreed to accept his surrender, and desired the Lord Mayor to hold a wardmote for the election of another person. The Court unanimously returned him thanks, which were as follow:

"It is unanimously resolved and ordered, that the thanks of this Court be given to Sir Charles Agill, Baronet, for his regular attendance and salutary counsels in this Court; his wife, vigilant, and impartial administration of justice; his constant zeal for the honour, safety, and prosperity of his fellow-citizens; and his inviolable attachment to the laws and liberties of his country."

No alteration was made in the office of bread. Mr. Hodgson attended on behalf of Mr. Franks, lately elected Sheriff, and produced a commission from Lord Percy, appointing him Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex, and pleaded it as an exemption from serving the said office; the Court was of opinion it was no exemption; and gave Mr. Franks time till Tuesday next to attend to enter into the usual bond for serving the same; Mr. Wagoner has paid his fine to be excused from serving the said office of Sheriff.

4. Wednesday was tried at Guildhall before Sir William De Grey, and a special jury, a cause founded on an action for damages brought by Staphan, an Armenian merchant, against Governor Verelst, for false imprisonment and other injuries. After a trial of three hours, the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with 2500*l.* damages.

Yesterday came on to be tried at Guildhall, a cause before Lord Mansfield; Mr. Gues, City Marshal, plaintiff; and Bras Crosby, Esq; and Alderman, defendant, to try the right of appointing Marshal's-men, which the plaintiff's counsel contended was with him; consequently to recover 500*l.* of the defendant, for which sum he had sold one of the places during his mayoralty.—The Town Clerk (Mr. Rix) was called, with his books, to read some old and new orders of the Common Council, vesting the power in the City Marshal for certain purposes, and under proper regulations. The Father of the City was sworn, and to the first question answered, that he knew nothing at all about the matter. Mr. Alderman Town-est being next sworn, said, he was unacquainted with the cause, but observed, that a Marshal-man's place fell in his mayoralty, and that he never claimed any right, or meddled in the matter. It also appeared, that one of these places was vacated in Mr. Alderman Wilkes's mayoralty, and that he did not interfere. An old Marshalman, who had bought his place of his predecessor, and afterwards sold it again, proved that it was usual, on selling out, to pay to each of the Marshals 5*l.* 5*s.* for an alienation fee. Lord Mansfield observed, that however the appointment might appear to be in the Marshal, yet he had certainly fallen short in the proof of any right to sell the place, and as to the money paid Alderman Crosby, the defendant, nobody had a right to recover it but the man who paid it him, if it was paid wrongfully. The plaintiff was nonsuited.

5. Yesterday at two o'clock, an express came to — Adair, in Argyle-street, from Rome, with an account of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester lying at the point of death. Mr. Adair immediately

waited on his Majesty with the melancholy account. His Majesty expressed his desire for Mr. Adair and Dr. Jebb's setting out immediately for Rome, to render his royal brother all the assistance in their power; in consequence of which they both set out for Rome last night.

A wardmote was held yesterday before the Lord Mayor, for electing an Alderman for Candlewick Ward, in the room of Sir Charles Asgill, which Thomas Wright, Esq; citizen and stationer, was chosen.

Thursday came on to be tried before Lord Mansfield, and a special jury, at Guildhall, a cause wherein John Robinson, Esq; Secretary to Lord North, was plaintiff, and Henry Sampson Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser, was defendant. The subject of the declaration was a letter, signed, "One out of the Secret," printed in the Public Advertiser of Thursday, May 29, in which several liberties were taken with the plaintiff's character; the writer not only pretty roundly asserting, that Mr. Robinson had a fellow-feeling with Messrs. Muir and Atkinson, in their contracts with government, but insinuating in strong terms, that Lord North was not altogether free from imputation; and that as in criminal causes, the act of the servant was considered in the Courts of Law as the act of the master; so on the ground of corruption, if it was evident, that the Secretary to the Treasury was liable to a challenge, it was fair to infer, that the First Lord of that Board was a proper object of suspicion. The jury, after considering a short time, found the defendant guilty in forty shillings damages, and costs of suit.

7. On Saturday the Recorder and the other Justices on the bench at the Old Bailey, ordered the importation of foreign pease, oats, and wheat, in the port of London, to be permitted at the low duty: we may therefore expect soon to hear of a reduction of the price of bread, as wheat must thereby be at a low price as market.

8. At the close of the sessions at the Old Bailey, Mr. Recorder proceeded to pass judgment of death upon thirteen capital convicts: Sarah Thomas, for killing Randal Perry, was branded, and sentenced to be imprisoned three months in Newgate; one was sentenced to hard labour on the Thames for six years; four for four years, and ten for three years; four were ordered to hard labour in Clerkeawell Bridewell for three years; twelve branded, four of whom are committed to Newgate for six months, one for one month; one for one year in Bridewell; five for six months, and one for three months; five ordered to be whipped, and twenty-six discharged by proclamation.

The sessions of the peace is adjourned until Monday the 8th of September next at Guildhall, and the sessions of goal delivery of Newgate until Wednesday the 10th of the same month, at the Old Bailey.

11. General Washington's head quarters, when the last accounts came away, were at Elizabeth Town in the Jerseys.

Before the Squadron of French ships arrived at Boston, the troops raised in the New England provinces, for the northern army, were in want of several articles, and waited for the arrival of those ships which were to bring them, before they could begin their march for Albany and Ticonderoga: but a Boston privateer, fortunately for them, fell in with a large transport going to New York, laden with 12,000 stand of arms, 50 tons of powder, a large quantity of cloathing, some tents, &c. and took her: she was carried into Boston, and supplied their present wants; upon which the troops immediately marched to their destination.

Authentic information is received of the Repulse frigate sinking at sea, near Newfoundland, and every person on board perishing. The Galatea saw the misfortune, but could not give the sufferers any relief.

The True American, Swede, from South Carolina, for a port in France, was taken by an English frigate the 2d of May, with 700 hogheads of tobacco on board, but afterwards retaken by two American privateers, who carried her safe into Guadaloupe.

A common-hall was yesterday held at Guildhall, for the choice of two gentlemen to serve the office of Sheriff for the year ensuing, in the room of George Wagner and William Franks, Esqrs. who have paid their fines to be excused. The several gentlemen drank to being put up, the majority appeared in favour of Edward Wrench and John Trotter, Esqrs. who were accordingly declared duly elected.

Mr. Wrench had retired from London, and resided at Chester some years. It is now said that he died about six weeks ago. Mr. Trotter immediately paid his fine; so that another common-hall must be called in a few days to proceed to a fresh election.

From the London GAZETTE, July 12.
Whitchall, July 12, 1777.

Extract of a Letter from General Sir William Howe, to Lord George Germaine, dated at New York the 3d of June, 1777.

Your Lordship's dispatches, No. 3, 4, and 5, of the 2d of March, and No. 6, of the 5th following, I had the honour to receive by Major Balfour on the arrival of his Ma-

jesty's ship Augusta the 8th of May, the duplicates of which have since arrived by the Sandwich packet. The earliest opportunity was taken of signifying his Majesty's most gracious approbation of the behaviour of the officers whose names are particularized by your Lordship.

The arrival of the camp equipage on the 24th of May, both for the army and provincials, has relieved me from much anxiety, being articles greatly wanted for the opening of the campaign, which will now immediately take place in Jersey, where the enemy's principal strength still remains; and I shall proceed, as occurrences may arise, according to the plan made known to your Lordship in my former dispatches.

The remount horses for the 16th and 17th dragoons are arrived in good order, with the loss of ten horses on the passage. The officers of the guards and British recruits also arrived on the 24th of May; the Anspach troops, 432 German recruits, and 51 German chasseurs, on the 3d instant, conveyed by the Somerset. These troops appear to be in very good health, and have disembarked upon Staten Island to refresh for a short time.

I have the pleasure to inform your Lordship of the arrival of Major General Gray in the Somerset.

Major Dixon of the corps of engineers, who has his Majesty's leave to return to Britain, will have the honour of delivering my dispatches to your Lordship by the Halifax packet; and I presume upon the acknowledged abilities of this gentleman, and his thorough knowledge of the situation of the country, to justify me in referring your Lordship to him, for the most particular as well as general information.

15. Yesterday about twelve the Reading stage going down Water-lane, Fleet-street, with a man and child in arms in the basket, and his wife with a child on the roof, with many more outside passengers, and a gentlewoman, and Mr. —, one of the proprietors of the stage, and sundry other inside, going into the Black Lion Inn, overjet, by which accident the poor man with a child in his arms was thrown some yards out of the basket, which fractured his skull, and to all appearance seemed dead, until two surgeons came, who examined his head, which made him sigh and groan bitterly. The wife was thrown, with a child in her arms, a considerable way from the roof; providentially she did not receive much apparent, external hurt, except the fright, but the children were much hurt, which, with the mother, by the humane assistance of Mr. Curtis, were put into a coach and sent to St. Bartholomew's.

new's Hospital; and her husband laid on straw, on a chairman's horse, with great care, and sent to the same place; but he was so much bruised, it was thought he would expire before he got there. The gentlewoman had her arm broke between the wrist and elbow, which swelled so much that it will be difficult to set. She fainted away, and was put into a coach. The gentleman was very much bruised, and immediately carried to bed. The rest of the passengers did not receive any hurt, except slight scratches, and being terribly frightened.

16. On the 23d of May a detachment from General Parsons's army in Connecticut, crossed the Sound, and landed near Sagg Harbour on Long Island, where General Howe had fired a considerable magazine of provisions. They totally destroyed the magazines, and a great number of small vessels, and took 60 prisoners. The Americans did not lose a single man upon this expedition.

Yesterday a Common Hall was held at Guildhall for the choice of two proper persons to take on them the office of sheriffs for the city and county of Middlesex, in the room of Edward Wrench, Esq; deceased, and John Trotter, Esq; who has fined from serving that office for the year ensuing. The several gentlemen who have been drank to by the late Lord Mayors, were severally put in nomination; when the shew of hands appearing in favour of Richard Budworth, and Charles Vere, Esqrs. were declared duly elected.

'Tis said the above gentlemen will both sue to be excused serving.

After the above business was finished, a court of Aldermen was held, at which an order was made for the price of bread to be reduced half an affize, or a penny in a peck loaf, which is to take place to-morrow.

At the same time Thomas Wright, Esq; the new-elected Alderman for Candlewick Ward, was presented to the court, and sworn into that office.

17. Matters will certainly be brought to a crisis between the courts of Great Britain and France, before the expiration of the present week; for if the latter does not fully disclaim an intention of giving America the least future support whatever, Lord Stormont is directed to leave Paris immediately, without the formality of taking leave.

Lord Weymouth and Lord George Germaine have, it is said, occasioned this spirited remonstrance to be sent over, threatening to throw up their different employments, if further tampering was used with our insidious neighbours.

18. Mr. Vere, sheriff elect, paid the fine of fool. yesterday morning into the Chamberlain's office, in lieu of serving that office.

At the Huntingdon assizes, which finished late on Monday night, a girl, not 13 years of age, was tried for robbing her father, an inn-keeper in that county, of 15 guineas; and being convicted, she was branded, and ordered to be imprisoned for six months.

At the same time a mother and daughter, governesses to a school, at which the above child was a scholar, were tried for receiving the above money from her, well knowing it was stolen, and were on the clearest evidence found guilty, and sentenced, the former to be imprisoned for the term of five years, and the daughter for the space of three years.

At Bedford assizes, which ended on Friday last, an action of *crim. con.* was tried by a special jury, wherein a plumber and glazier, of Windsor, was plaintiff, and a capital fishmonger, of the same place, defendant; when, after a very long hearing, a verdict was given for the plaintiff, with 400*l.* damages.

23. By some advices received express from Madrid, we have the most positive assurances that a council of war has been held there, at which the Spanish monarch resided; and though what passed in it has not transpired, it is certain that some very important affairs are in agitation, from the great military preparations all over the kingdom.

28. Last Tuesday ended the assizes for the county of Derby, on the crown side, when Sir William Blackstone, Knt. passed sentence of death on the four following prisoners, viz. Thomas Terril, for stealing a brown mare; John Welch, for the same; John Welch, otherwise Green, for stealing a black mare; and John Campion, for stealing a bay gelding. His Lordship was afterwards pleased to reprove them, and order the two first to be sent to the Thames for four years each, the third for six years, and Campion for nine years.

A few days ago a merchant in the city was detected in *crim. con.* with his clerk's wife; this latter has commenced an action against his master.

BANKRUPTS.

John Armstrong, late of Logan Mains, in North Britain, but now of Rowcliffe, in Cumberland, drover.—William Barrow, late of Prescot, Lancashire, money-lender.—David Jones, late of Bridges-street, Covent Garden, dealer.—Jerónimo Hornblow, of Talbot-court, in Gracechurch-street, dealer.—Robert Hill, of New Bond-street, St. George, Hanover-square, coachmaker.—John Aldrop, of Chancery-lane, St. Dunstan in the West, broker.—Robert Cortwaite of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, underwriter and policy broker.—George Coyte

Coyte, of Bridges-street, Covent-garden, silversmith.—Samuel Hood, late of Portsmouth, Southamptonshire, warehouseman.—Wilfred Bell, of Chick-lane, timber-merchant.—John Moore, late of St. Paul's Church-yard, chinaman.—Wm. Richards, of Beekon, in Nottingham, hosier.—Mary Hughes, late of Holywell, Flintshire, innholder.—Judah Levy, of Heydon-alley, Heydon-square, Minorities, merchant.—Edmund Francis Calze, late of Marlborough-street, St. James, Westminster, builder.—Jacobus Brodt, of St. John, Wapping, sugar-refiner.—Wm. Fleming, late of Milk-street, Cheap-side, chinaman.—Wm. Sampson and Richard Sampson, of St. Mary Woolnorth, London, upholders.—John Simpson, of Boston, Lincolnshire, dealer in wool.—Thomas Rust, of Wortham, in Suffolk, clothier.—John Clack, of Snow-hill, wine and brandy-merchant.—Henry Tipping, of King-street, Cheap-side, warehouseman.—Samuel Righton, late of Cannon-street, wine-cooper.—Thomas Wooldridge, of the Crescent, London, merchant, (partner with Henry Kelly, of the same place, merchant.)—Peter Robert Luard, late of London, merchant.—William Simpson, late of London, merchant.—John Rider, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, merchant.—John Barnes, now or late of St. Mary, Whitechapel, carpenter.—Charles Steward, late of St. Helen, Worcester-shire.—Saxby Rowledge, of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, butcher.—Joseph Holt, of Manchester, in Lancashire, cordwainer.—Thomas Bradley, of Oxford-street, coach-maker.—John Easton, of St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, brick-maker, but late of Bristol, soap-maker.—Daniel Titterton, of Nottingham, hosier.—Edmund Patricke, of King's-Lynn, Norfolk, tanner.—Barney Keney, late of Wells-street, in the Tower Royalty, Middlesex, victualler.—Sinckler Porter, of Edmonton, in Middlesex, hosier.—Henry Partlett, of Witney, in Oxfordshire, blanket-weaver.—Benjamin Caley, and Sinckler Porter, of New Bond Street, Middlesex, Hatters.—Richard Eaton, of Bracondale, in Norfolk, Cown Merchant.—William Fearn, of Wood Sweet, London, Silver-smith.—Robert Hare Killingley, of Windsor Street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, Hosier.—George Hallifax, of George Yard, Lombard Street, London, Broker.

MARRIAGES.

John Forster, Esq; eldest son of Sir Nicholas Forster, Bart, of Ireland, to Miss Wynch, daughter of Alexander Wynch, Esq; late Governor of Madras,

Sir Matthew Ridley White, of Old Bond-lington Street, to Miss Colborne, of Pall Mall.

The Hon. Mr. Browne, son of Lord Kilmure, to Miss Dillon, daughter of Lord Dillon.

Andrew Raynton, Esq; to the Right Hon. Lady Maria Coventry, of St. James's, Westminster.

Charles Dumbleton, Esq; of Charlotten-street, Bloomsbury, to Miss Burton, of Coleman-street.

James Deacon, Esq; of the Custom-house, to Miss Collins, of the Tower.

Mr. Edward Peppin, of College Hill, merchant, to Miss Horton, of Little Shelford, Cambridge.

The Rev. Mr. Spragg, of Pulborough, Sussex, to Miss Matricot, of Darfield, in Yorkshire.

Robert Doyne, Esq; of the county of Wexford, in Ireland, to Miss Ram, of Richmond.

Lyon, Esq; of Wandsworth-Hill, to Miss Garrard, of Carlhamton.

William Bland, Esq; at Eltham, to Miss French, daughter of Mr. French, Hamburg merchant.

Mr. Drew, assayer, of Cannon-street, to Miss Morgan of Newington Butts.

DEATHS.

In Dake-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, — Robert, Esq; a West-India merchant.

At Hampstead, Constantine Phillips, Esq; formerly a Turkey merchant of this city.

At Stamford Hill, Zechariah Agau, Esq; formerly a master weaver of White Lion-street, Norton Folgate.

At Broadwell, in Gloucestershire, Henry Danvers Doughty Hodges, Esq;

Griffin, Esq; formerly an officer in the East-India service.

At Maze Hill, Greenwich, Mrs. Jane Denis, sister to Sir Peter Denis, Bart.

At Edinburgh, in the 24th year, Mr. Thomas Greenough, jun. only son of Mr. Greenough, of Ludgate-Hill.

At Egham, Francis Stapleton, Esq; an officer in the Blues.

At the Swan with two Necks, in Lal Lane, Alderman Thompson, of the city of Norwich, brewer.

The Rev. Mr. Leman, of Wenham, rector of Kirthead on the Lenghall, and Wingham with Nelond, in Norfolk.

In his 80th year, the Rev. Mr. Fulham, Archdeacon of Llandaff, Canon of Windsor, Rector of Compton in Surry, and Vicar of Ilfworth.

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WARBECK.